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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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## TASSO AND ROUSSEAU.

How pleasant for the world is that doctrine which the world has always so gladly accepted and so loudly proclaimed, that whenever genius is bowed down by a burden of tragical sorrows, and half in wrath half in madness shrieks its agony to Heaven, not society but genius itself must bear the blame! Pleasant doctrine, but, like most pleasant doctrines, exceedingly false. From of old, from the time that the first heart which could not express its abounding joy or the weariness of its grief in ordinary speech burst into song, the heaviest sin of genius has always been that of being genius. Unless genius degenerate into a buffoon to amuse the world, or gird itself with terrors to awe and enslave the world, or wear as its daily garb the most current con-

ventionalisms to flatter the world, it must be prepared to find in the world, not its worshipper, but its foe. For the world envies all superiorities till they strike it blind, and then with superstitious lips it pours forth its homage to them as to gods. We cannot receive ROCHEFOUCAULD's view of human nature; a correct, though cynical, picture by a clever comedian of the vices prevalent in a heartless, intriguing, hypocritical court must be a poor substitute for a comprehensive delineation of the essential, universal characteristics of mankind. Nevertheless, there are moments when we all feel that ROCHEFOUCAULD was wrong, not so much in what he said, as in what he refrained from saying, and that, even applied to the mass of men, his bitterest maxims have a truth, though those maxims forget the noble deeds, divine impulses, poetic fervours, invincible enthusiasms which come from time to time to irradiate the human path. In his seasons of transcendent spontaneousness, Man merits all that the most eloquent have ever said in his favour; but in his usual artificial attitude, and in his usual mechanical course, he is shabbier, baser, more cowardly than his fiercest traducers have ever represented him. Blessed, then, be the perplexity, the peril, the pain, the cruel catastrophes, the disastrous revolutions which Destiny sends to shatter him out of his selfishness, torpor, commonplace and monotony. The Ancients thought that birds had a language, and that things full of sacred wisdom were uttered therein; but that he alone could learn that language and gather its treasures of wisdom whose ear had been licked by a dragon's tongue. Sagest of fables, for it teaches us that without encountering danger in some shape we cannot feel and understand the harmonies of the Universe. Yet whatever agencies Providence may employ to save Humanity from sinking into utter apathy and egoism, they do not hinder society, in its habitual existence and manifestations, from being vulgar, craven, sordid; with a scowl and a stab for what it hates the most, heroism and genius. How promptly would the Public have pardoned BYRON's delinquencies, his recklessness, his sensuality, if he had not had the misfortune to be a great poet! At the very time it was hurling its curses at BYRON's misdeeds, how lenient it was to far fouler iniquities on the part of persons occupying a much higher social position than BYRON, but who had the good luck to distinguish themselves by nothing beyond their guilt but their incapacity. What was regarded as very venial in princes and potentates who were blockheads, was considered detestable in him whose poems will ever form one of the glories of our country. Can we suppose also that the world would have had so keen an eye, or such fiery maledictions for the drunkenness and debauchery of BURNS if he had been simply a peasant, if he had not had the ambition and the fate to be likewise a peasant bard, if he had not insulted the herd of profane and paltry souls by the grandeur of his lyrical utterances, and the fulfilment of his fame? What sadder spectacle than the last years and the dying days of this brave, sincere, gifted, though erring, man! But who can doubt that the darkest of his sins and the deepest of his sorrows sprang less from his own passions and sensibilities than from the venom which the Pharisees always pour on whatever rebukes their hollowness by the valour of reality? The Pharisee, however, is but the essence of that envy and spite which men naturally feel for all moral and intellectual superiorities. Were this not so, how else can we explain the fury and the hate which a being so pure and noble as SHELLEY encountered? It is vain to say that he talked foolishly of matters honoured and revered by the religious faith of the people. How little would have been said about his blasphemies if they had not had a gorgeous garment of glowing genius around them! Let it not be said that Time rapidly atones for all this grievous injustice, and that with the bones of a great man are always interred the lies of his accusers. Look at the fate of two writers, both of the highest rank, and see how far the march of years has made atonement for the falsehoods and the calumnies which Scribes and Pharisees have heaped on their names. TASSO has been dead two centuries and a half; ROUSSEAU two-thirds of a century. We do not ask what is the popular notion respecting these authors; but what is the notion among even literary men? Is it not that they were insane, that they were the victims of their own diseased imaginations, and that their shrieks of torture were torn from their hearts by wounds which they themselves had inflicted? Most

convenient theory this for the Scribes and the Pharisees;—pity it is for them that it is only a theory. That TASSO and ROUSSEAU were occasionally morbid is only saying that their lot was the lot of all solitary thinkers. Who that gives himself up to a life of thought has not often morbid and melancholy moments? All authors, especially all great authors, have their seasons of sorrow; but some give breath to that sorrow through the fictitious personages whom, as artists, they create; others employ no such disguises, and moan forth their grief, not as authors, but as men. SHAKESPEARE and MOLIERE have written their confessions, no less than ROUSSEAU, but, in the case of the two former, a dramatic veil conceals the personality. Is it not absurd, however, to pronounce an author mad if he speaks his woes in his own person, but to declare him quite sane if he puts them into the mouth of a third person, whom he makes the hero of a drama or of a romance? Wherein do they differ except in this, that the first has a courage and a sincerity which the other has not? We do not believe that TASSO and ROUSSEAU were ever mad at all, or that the pangs they bore arose mainly from imaginary evils. There are insults which are worse than injuries; there are slights which are worse than insults. Where we are the most foully wronged, where our tenderest feelings have been tortured the sorest, it would seldom be possible to prove to the world that there has been either a wrong-doer or a torturer. It is from forgetting this that TASSO and ROUSSEAU have been judged so harshly. Many never receive slights because they are incapable of perceiving them; never receive insults because they have not that susceptible nature which discerns when a coarse or a taunting word conveys dishonour. But what was it which made the life of TASSO and ROUSSEAU so gloomy and wretched but the slights and the insults which they attempted to express, but which they were called fools and madmen for expressing? It would have been more manly, some think, if they had kept their lacerated sensibilities in the dark chambers of their own hearts. More manly, do you say, but would it have been as human? And why should we sacrifice what is naturally human for the sake of an imaginary manliness? It would be silly to proclaim on the housetops or at the corners of the streets every little ailment or misfortune that befalls us. We do not need to put an advertisement in the newspapers to inform the world that we have had influenza or toothache, or that our hat has been blown away in a hurricane. And there are awful secrets haunting our stricken and penitent souls which must be uttered, not to man, but to God. But when we march out to conflict with evil, or when we endeavour to stamp on the mind of Humanity that image of ideal and immortal beauty which shines in and sanctifies our own, it is natural, it is human, and it is therefore right to tell of the obstacle we meet with, and of the anguish which we suffer, in the conflict and the endeavour. And what more than this did TASSO and ROUSSEAU? Indeed the habit of suppressing emotion was never known till society had grown the coward we now behold it. In the olden times, when the world was fresh and strong, a warrior was not despised for the shriek which some horrible wound wrung from him. The more either in poetry or in history the brave come before us, the more we see that their utterance was large, full, and frequent in proportion to the nobleness of their valour, an utterance not confined to the shout of defiance in battle, or the shout of triumph in victory, or the shout of joy at the banquet, but lavished likewise into the listening air when a deadly blow had been received, or when the spirit of some famous foeman rushed forth with the gurgling blood. The Ancients did not even consider it unworthy of their gods that these should fill heaven and earth with the howl of pain when they were suffering pain. But we who live in these days of whimpering sentimentalism do not surely think ourselves braver than the Romans or the Greeks. We are advised by some modern prophets who affect to despise stoicism, yet, inconsistently enough, set up a stoicism of their own, that we ought to consume our own smoke, that is, tell the world nothing of our sorrows and our wrongs. Yes, we ought to consume our own smoke, all our smaller annoyances and troubles; but it does not follow, Oh! sapient Sirs, that we should consume our own flame too; for we may be fulfilling our vocation the best when ideas, artistism, authorship are altogether forgotten, and we raise our voices to



startle the dull ear of earth with the tale of our misery. The first necessity of the world is nurture: its second culture. Its culture without its nurture is a debility and a disease, as the tulip the more beautiful it becomes through the excessive care of the gardener grows the weaker. Plutarch tells us of a tree that had tongue-shaped leaves and heart-shaped fruit. Culture without nurture is the former without the latter. Yet does not the culture of society at present almost entirely dispense with nurture? And what are most of our lecturers and writers but tongue-shaped leaves trembling incessantly in the breeze of popular caprice? Now the nurture of a nation or of the nations does not consist alone or principally of fulminating actions, but it is eminently found in examples of sincerity. And this is what renders Tasso and Rousseau sacred in our eyes. Their lives, thronged as they might be with despairing groans, had all the heroism of sincerity. Tasso aided the culture of the world by his *Jerusalem Delivered*; he contributed to its nurture by the tragic transparency of his career. And what would the most eloquent and pathetic of Rousseau's works be without that commentary which the saddest but the sincerest of lives furnished them? Perhaps we are wrong then, in assuming, as we have in some measure assumed, a tone of apology in reference to Rousseau and Tasso. It is not an apology but a eulogium, that we should write, especially if we would teach our fellows how grand and how blissful is the martyrdom of sincerity. It is needful that they should learn that there is a saintliness in sorrow, no less when passionately breathed, than when valorously borne. Earth must become an immense confessional, before it can become once more a glorious temple, the fit abode of gods and the godlike. Sin and sorrow are sisters; but the confession of sorrow always precedes the confession of sins. When earth, then, is induced to confess its sorrows, it will be compelled to confess its sins; and when it has confessed its sins then will it have, as it has had in bygone ages, reformers and a reformation. It is a gross delusion, a deplorable error, to suppose that the hero-worship of which we have heard so much during the last ten years, can make men heroes, can give society the nurture it requires. Hero worship cannot transform and exalt the world, except in those early times when the love and reverence of men convert the Hero into the Divinity. In times like our own, hero-worship has the servility of superstition, without its fervour. To preach it up so pertinaciously as some men otherwise discerning do, to hold it forth as the grand and most needed instrument of moral regeneration, is simply to forget that Earth has had a history. All the remedies propounded for Earth's maladies, so grim-visaged and so deep-hearted, are but a revival of curative processes which have ceased altogether to be applicable to the circumstances. It was found that a coat of mail was of little use when cannon was invented. Yet what else but a coat of mail do our popular teachers recommend as a defence against the bullets flying on every side of us, shot by the Powers of Darkness? Humanity may wriggle and wrangle as it will, when it has grievously rebelled against the eternal laws of the Universe, and persuade itself, with a careless indolence, that what has been a remedy once will be a remedy again. But it will ultimately find, after much trying and much disappointment, that there is no remedy for its many backslidings and griefs, but an earnest recognition of, and a hearty return to, the primordial facts on which the Universe is based. Now one of these primordial facts has ever been and will ever be, the natural expression of natural things. Stoical exaggerations may be dressed up so as to make a picturesque and interesting book, but they never yet made the Earth green again when the blast of the Destroyer had passed over it. We look, on the contrary, for a new and nobler organization of society, to the restoration of that Spontaneous Confessional, of that Martyrdom of Sincerity, which Tasso and Rousseau poured out the agonies of their crushed and lacerated souls, to picture and to praise. Regarding authors, let our first question be, not whether they are brilliant or original, or ingenious, or witty or profound, but whether they are willing, by the avowal of their sorrows, to give an example of truthfulness that all men may follow. Behind the coat of mail we want to feel the warm flesh; in the warm flesh we want to see the coursing blood, for then we know that the warrior has flesh and blood like unto our own. We are tired of the glitter of

burnished armour. We would fain say to so many clever authors:—your breastplate is strong as a rock, your weapons are invincible, but tell us that you have had a mother, and that you have sinned and suffered even as we. Besides, the most dexterous fencing-master might be the most incompetent general; and we want ourselves to be led on to the achievement of divine results, not to be amused by the spectacle of graceful fencing. Honour, great honour, to the first author among us, who dares to be a Tasso or a Rousseau, though he may be unable to write the poetry of the one or the prose of the other.

KENNETH MORENCY.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

*The Poor Artist, or Seven Eye-Sights and One Object.* London: Van Voorst.

A STRANGE, perplexing, charming little volume! A tale, designed and composed with all the simplicity that characterises the best German fictions, is made the means of suggesting many curious thoughts upon the possibilities of animal intelligence and enjoyment, and of the different aspects creation may have to every different kind of being, according to the position from which, or rather the medium through which, it is viewed. The story is that of a Poor Artist who was in search of fame and fortune, but could not find them. He had painted some pictures, and when passed under his master's name, they sold readily, and were admired; but when, proud of his success, he avowed that they were his own, his patrons turned up their noses at them, and now he discovered, to gain "a respectable living and position in the world, something more was requisite than to do a thing well. You must also have a name." Confident, however, that sooner or later genius will be rewarded, he persevered, and having painted a picture he knew to be a good one, he spent his last shilling in purchasing a frame for it, and advertised it for sale, but nobody came except his creditors, who exclaimed "What presumption for a man without a name to do this?" and they seized his furniture and picture for their debts, and drove him out of doors, and he set forth as an itinerant painter, "to try if the winds of Heaven would help him." He was, however, employed by an old lady to paint her green-house, and he threw his fancy into the picture, and she was offended, because it was not like her green-house; she wanted a "reality picture." So he painted another, and that pleased her better. And she had a daughter, AURELIA, who liked his landscapes, and gave him a copy of *Fontaine's Fables*, to keep for her sake. They fall in love, and the work of painting is delayed till the uncle returns, who discovers their affection and turns the Poor Artist away, but riding after him, tells him that if he will go and make a name and a fortune, he will not refuse him the hand of his niece.

He sleeps at a farm-house, and a fire happens there, which destroys the pictures on which he had relied to obtain for him the fame he was now doubly desirous to win.

In utter destitution he wanders into a wood, intending to make some sketches to sell at any price, and buy bread. But he took out AURELIA's book instead, and as he read he fell asleep. Presently he was half awakened by a sound, which mingled with the hum of the gnats about him—a sort of humming voice, which said something.

The Artist lay quiet a few seconds, listening intently with his eyes still closed. All was silent. He then softly raised himself, and looked round on all sides. Presently he saw a leaf tremble—then another—then the cup of a flower shake very much—and notwith-

standing a great bustling and buzzing inside, he was yet able to distinguish words amidst the low humming monotony of the undersong. The words were the same as before,—

"Busy—busy—buzzing brain,  
Use your hands, or nothing gain."

It came from the inside of that flower cup that was shaking so! Yes—there could be no doubt of it. The flower now shook and nodded more than ever, and with a bustling and fussing noise of voice and of wings, up came the head and shoulders of a Bee! She held fast upon the upper rim of the cup, with her strong arms bent over, and stared wisely at the Artist with her two dark horny eyes.

"Can it be possible," ejaculated the Artist, "that I heard you speak!—is it really granted to me, the most favoured of modern men, to hear a honey-bee discourse in a tone intelligible to human organs?" The Bee continued looking at him without changing her attitude. "Was I mistaken!" exclaimed the Artist, "surely I heard a voice from the inside of that flower-cup, and that voice was—was—it surely was—"

"Wuz—wuz—wu-u-zz!" buzzed the Bee. She ceased abruptly. A silence ensued, in which they both continued looking at each other.

"Most wonderful!" at length ejaculated the Artist. "It must have been you who sang those words. Why do you sing no more? Speak again! Why do you continue lounging on your elbows over the white parapet of that convolvulus, and staring down at me, holding your antennae bolt upright in the air? No answer! Well—here I will remain as long as you. Obstinate as you may be, you shall find I am a man of inexhaustible patience."

"Uz!—uz!" hummed the Bee, and gave her antennae a twirl.

"No," said the Artist, humbly, "I am not the Man of Uz."

He could not help smiling at his own tolerably far-fetched pleasantry, but seeing the Bee bend one of her antennae down at him in a very grave and pointed manner, his face became equally serious, and he listened with all his senses, in expectation of further words. Nor was he disappointed.

"Upright thing!" murmured the Bee, "why do you not unfold your wings, and seek for honey of such kind as suits your strange nature?"

The Artist stepped back several paces, in some trepidation, not unmingled with awe at this unexpected address. Recovering himself, however, and fortifying himself with recollections of *La Fontaine*,—

"Madame," said he, "I stand upright because it would give me a pain in my back if I remained long in your attitude; and the reason why I do not unfold my wings, is simply because I do not possess any."

The Bee is desirous to give him employment, and informs him that she has seen something in the woods quite new, of which she would like to have a picture made. The artist prepared his sketching book.

The Bee now proceeded with a description of a most extraordinary and incoherent kind. So, at least, it appeared to the Artist. There was an account of a large flat hexagonal figure, the lines of each angle being set with bright lights of reddish brown and gold. There was a transparent honey-coloured drop, of the size commonly met with upon the leaves of opening flowers in the early morning; and beyond this, and seen through it, there was a shape, which the Bee described in the air with one of her antennae (thus, V), and next to it another (thus, D), and the surface of both was rough and full of little holes.

The description entirely perplexed the Poor Artist. Evidently the Bee had seen something from a different position, so that to her it appeared altogether a different thing from that which it would appear to him.

"I suppose," said the Bee, "you see all things as upright and round-about."

"By no means," replied the Artist; "we see things of the shape they really are."

"How many eyes have you got?" demanded the Bee. "I see only two in your face. You have no



doubt others on the top of your head, as I have, or others elsewhere."

"No," replied the Artist, beginning to hesitate. "No, I have only two simple eyes."

"Then," said the Bee, "you must be a very arrogant, or a very ignorant creature. For how should you,—here she raised one of her antennae, and moved it slowly up and down, as if laying down the law,—how should you see everything as it is, unless you had the eyes of all other creatures, who see it according to every variety suitable to its nature with relation to their own natures; or unless your two eyes, instead of being of a simple kind, as you say they are, should be compounded of the powers of all other eyes?"

"So I consider them to be," said the Artist; "all the wonders of others being thus reduced to simple action. Moreover, we do not regard external objects as dependent on how we see them, or what shape and colour we see them. They are something of themselves, whatever they may appear to different visions."

"And you believe, then, that you see what that something really is; all other visions being naturally deceived; all other creatures dwelling therefore in systematic illusion?"

The Artist considered for some time, and at last said,—

"Yes. The prerogative of actuality is given to the eyesight of man."

"Who told you so?" demanded the Bee.

"My own reason," answered the Artist.

"Self-love's gravest flatterer," replied the Bee. "We of the Bee species, say the same thing,—and truly."

A Red Ant next appears upon the scene, and desires to have a sketch made of something he had seen. The Poor Artist consents, and the Ant gives his description of it. His scene had been a battle of the red ants. With great difficulty the Artist was enabled to make it out.

"The rough sketch is nearly finished," drawled the Artist, in an under tone, leaning back with his head on one side.

"I'll just take a run over it," said the Ant, "to see and feel if it's like."

The Artist turned the sketch with its face towards the ground, and placed it upon the other sketch which he had made from the Bee's description.

"That's very uncivil of you, sir!" said the Ant.

"Am I not to examine my own picture?"

"Not in its present state," replied the Artist.

"Why not? Lift up the picture, I say!"

"I assure you I never do; it's a rule: Madame Bee can tell you the same."

"Sting my joints!" exclaimed the Ant, "but this is shameful behaviour."

The Bee now interposed, and assured Captain Mandible that she had been obliged to put up with the same refusal; but as the Artist had explained that this was only for a time, perhaps till his colours dried, she had seen some reason in waiting.

"I can discover no reason in waiting when a thing can be done at once," said the Ant; "but here comes another inhabitant of this wood, who appears to have something to say to you of importance."

"Where?" inquired the Artist, hastily looking round.

"Why, hanging close to your nose," said the Ant, "and staring at you with her nine eyes,—though, now I look again, two of them squint, or see double, I don't know which."

This new visitor was a Spider, who descended upon her line from the tree. This was the dialogue that ensued:

"I have seen a more surprising object in the woods this morning than either of you have described."

She ran up a little higher,—and again stopped.

"I should like to have a picture of it."

And with these words she ran, leg over leg, up her line, and ensconced herself beneath a withered leaf on a twig above, from which she peeped over at the Artist below.

"Come down and tell us what you have seen," said the Ant; don't sit all of a shrug up there, peering over with your squinty eyes; but come down and tell us about it."

"I can do that just as well up here," said the Spider, "and if you are hard of hearing, which is most likely, you may come and sit upon the corner of my web while I describe the object."

"Thank you," said the Ant. "Who killed her seventh husband yesterday morning?"

"Don't be spiteful!" interposed the Bee. "Perhaps there was a reason for it."

"So there is for everything," said the Ant; "but that does not alter a black fact."

"Will you paint for that lady?" said the Bee, turning to the Artist.

The Spider also attempts her description. And then comes from the tree a fish, the Climbing Perch, who also sees things altogether through a different medium, and therefore different in aspect to their appearance to either of the other parties in this strange company.

Then came a Cat, and then a Robin, whose colloquy we must present to our readers.

"Oh paint me a picture!" cried a little quick, sweet voice close to the Artist. He turned, and saw right in front of him a Robin, who had perched exactly on the central point of the top of his easel, as if to display a new autumnal red waistcoat, which he wore in the most puffed-out and conspicuous fashion.

"Oh paint me,—paint me a picture!" cried he in his quick excited tone, "such a beautiful view have I had this bright and blessed morning, of things well-known to me before, but never seen before in so lovely a brightness—in such various and changing colours—in so compact a form—as large altogether as my left eye, which was quite filled with the scene! Now, in presence of all these trees and woodland flowers, and of all this good company, not excepting the Cat, I wish to warble out in a style sufficiently clear, soft, and sweet, and in tones which need not be quicker in succession than may be intelligible to the meaneast capacity, a description of a scene more delightful than was ever before presented to the eye of bird, or man, or fish,—of cat, or other creeping thing. There was a dark archway of leaves made by the meeting boughs of two purple beech-trees. Rifol de riddle-ol de ray! And through this appeared a bright green woodland,—twee rol-de twiddle,—a cornfield and meadow—leettle ootle fiddle—and clover-fields beyond, all thick beset with flowers. Ri fol de leettle fiddle day!"

"Do you expect me to paint this warbling 'burthen'?" inquired the equally amused and perplexed Artist. But the Robin, not seeming to hear him, ran on in the same unbroken strain.

Beyond the clover-fields was a farm-house, surrounded by yards and hedge-rows; and green places, all full of silver sheep and golden cows, and goats with lamps on their foreheads. And the fruit-trees in the orchard were all smothered with white and pink blossoms, and the flower-beds in the garden were as bright as sunset clouds; and the walls of the farm-house were covered with creepers that looked like red golden fire, and the windows of the house were of crimson light, and the thatch on the roof was of deep orange flame, with no smoke to it. Ri riddle leettle fiddle dee! On a soft sloping hill as grey as old beech-bark, above the farm-house thatch there stood a great house hid in trees; but behind a long wall rose the arched roof of a palace made of rainbows cut in diamonds, and squares, and slices, which gleamed, and glanced, and shot on all sides of the heavens."

They propose to view the objects each had described, and it turns out that, though each had pictured it so differently, it was the same—a golden sovereign lying upon the grass, with a drop of dew upon its face. The six varieties of eyes had seen it in so many aspects, and hence it is argued that it is not the eye, but the mind that is behind it, which gives form and colour, and, in fact, creates its own world.

Parting whimsically from his companions, the Poor Artist, with the help of the sovereign, proceeds to the town and exhibits his sketches, but is laughed at for a visionary. He paints a fat ox and a brick-kiln, and everybody visits

and admires it, and commissions flock in. He then composes a great cartoon, which he calls *The Experiences of an Artist's Life*. It also is patronized, but he notes that almost every visitor puts a different construction upon the design. The only person who reads it aright is a schoolboy, who feels its truth, and says what he feels.

All this time, the little rosy-checked Schoolboy had been standing with the roughest, blackest, and brightest pair of eyes in the world, staring at the cartoon, in a sort of ecstasy of delight. He could contain himself no longer.

"Oh what a beautiful shining sky!" cried he, with a jerk at the hand of the young Sailor, who stood next to him; "what a bright happy day to be out in the fields, running, and hopping, and scampering, and scrambling through the grass, and over the hedges and gates, and ditches and stiles, and narrow planks, across sunshiny rivulets and flood-streams—shouldn't you like that?—we could sail paper boats there,—and couldn't we pick daisies and daffodils, and lilies-of-the-valley, with white bind-weed flowers to go round our hats, and pink ragged-robin for the button holes! Oh, my eye! do you see those apples in the garden there, all with scarlet and crimson cheeks?—and do you see, besides, all the great golden pippins!—that long green meadow there! the heaps of clouds all of grey and silver fire and fancy above it,—and the rainbow above the clouds,—and the rays of light above the rainbow,—and the wide, wide clear blue sky above all that, going away to heaven somewhere? What a place to fly a kite in! Oh, my eye!"

Ultimately, by means of his cattle-pieces, he obtains a name and fortune, and wins *AURELIA*. But his speculations on the animal world about us, of which we know so little, whose feelings, thoughts, and destinies, are as mysterious to us as the Angels in Heaven, are too remarkable to be omitted.

But neither do we understand much of the physical senses of the great living crowd of dumb ones around us. Has the vulture, and all that class of birds who bolt everything, any organ of taste? When the owl swallows a mouse whole, does he taste him in his stomach? Is it the same with the pigeon and his peas? What sort of hearing has the shark, if any? The organs of smell in the shark, who discovers, through the great volume of water, and through the dense timbers, that somebody is dead, yea, or dying, in the cabin, must be wonderful. But we know nothing about this beyond the fact. The same creature, whether shark or cat, that has a wonderful sense of smell for some things seems to have no nose at all for many others. No one ever saw a monkey smell a flower. If he did so, it would only be to inquire if it were eatable, or poisonous. Then, as to the sense of touch, what a fine work goes on in the language of the antennae of insects; and yet it is impossible that the majority of them can possess sensations like ours. A wasp flies in at the window, alights on the breakfast-table, runs swiftly up the side of the sugar-basin, and displays his grim face in a brazen mask with iron spectacles, just above the rim. The next moment he darts upon the sugar. But an alarmed hand advances a pair of scissors, and suddenly snips off his head. The body staggers, and perhaps flies off, while the jaws of the brazen mask with iron spectacles continue for some seconds to work away at the sugar, as though no such event had occurred.

With the general character, temper, faculties, and habits of the inferior creatures, naturalists are of course far more intimately acquainted than the world at large; but the naturalists are only an exceptional class, comprising a few individuals; and even amongst the highest of these, how little can they fathom of the mind, or what is invisibly going on within those many-shaped grotesque heads of beasts, and birds, and fish, and insects.

The greyhound runs by eye-sight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward, by eye-sight, *etc.*, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly,

with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but with a flash reversing the action of his four wings—the only known creature that possesses this faculty. His sight, then, both forwards and backwards, must be proportionately rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his eye does this consist? No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dances up and down in the sun, the gnats being so close together that you can scarce see the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high-shouldered vicious gnat, with long, pale, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows. A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over; nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy, and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink,—stop several times on his way,—listen, and look round—before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black, or negro-ant? No one knows.

To this thoughtful and thought-suggesting passage we can add nothing. It will sink deeply into the minds of our readers, and recur to them often in after-years. So we conclude our notice of one of the most interesting little volumes we have ever read, with the author's conclusion, that by this allegory he has sought to illustrate "the wonderful fact in Nature, that there are as many different worlds as there are different organs of sight; and that the CREATOR has thus made for each different species—an *Infinity out of one set of Objects.*"

E. W. C.

*Woman in the Nineteenth Century.* By S. MARGARET FULLER. London: Slater. 1850.

MRS. FULLER is an American authoress, who has addressed to her countrywomen a series of essays on the duties that devolve upon them in this age, as members of a progressive society. Her advice is marked by a vein of strong common sense, the result of profound reflection, brought to bear upon the gleanings of a keen observation. She does not affect any nonsensical notions as to the rights of woman; she does not demand for her admission to the arenas of political strife; she tells her that her world is her home; that her kingdom is her household, within which she is entitled to have sway, and that her duties are to her husband and her family. Mrs. FULLER has made these wholesome teachings more interesting by copious references to history, to anecdote, to the writers of all times and countries; so that much is to be learned from a perusal of the volume, beyond its immediate subject. Having been introduced into the *Shilling Library*, every woman may procure and profit by this most admirable essay.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Hand-Book of Games.* London: Bohn. 1850.

MR. BOHN has added to his *Scientific Library* a volume for which it is safe to predict a popularity second to none enjoyed by any of the cheap and excellent works he is so rapidly giving to the reading world. *The Hand-Book of Games* is, in fact, a collection of treatises, compiled by Professors and Amateurs, on the various games, as Whist, Piquet, Ecarté, Lansquenot, Boston, Quadrille, Cribbage, and other card plays; Faro, Rouge-et-Noir, Hazard, Roulette, Backgammon, Draughts, Billiards, Bagatelle, American Bowls, &c. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts, showing the various modes

of play, with tables exhibiting the calculations of Chances, and with specimens on curious games. As there is scarcely a house in which some games are not indulged, especially such as require skill rather than depend upon chance, there is scarcely a house in which this will not be as welcome a volume as any that could be placed upon the book-shelf, and doubtless as frequently consulted.

*Glenny's Hand Book to the Flower Garden and Greenhouse.* By GEORGE GLENNY, editor of *The Gardeners' Gazette*, &c. London: C. Cox. 1850.

A SORT of Dictionary of Gardening. MR. GLENNY has placed in alphabetical form, for convenience of ready reference, a description of the various flowers and plants grown in this country, with full directions for their cultivation and management, and he has done this in language which everybody can understand, addressing the owner of the garden plot equally with the scientific gardener. A complete calendar of gardening operations for the year is subjoined, and an extremely copious index adds much to the utility of a volume which will really become the handbook for all who own a garden or a greenhouse.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Sir Francis Chantrey, R. A. Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions.* By GEORGE JONES, R. A. London: Moxon. 1849.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

WE have hitherto considered CHANTREY chiefly in a professional point of view, and our extracts have referred rather to his artistic than to his personal character. We shall now attempt a slight sketch of the latter, and subjoin a few anecdotes which may serve to illustrate it, as well as to amuse the reader.

A more healthy mind never existed than that of CHANTREY. He had none of the morbid feelings or fancies which some persons have imagined inseparable from genius. He accepted life as it is, and made the best of it. He was not a man of high literary acquirements, or of excessive refinement of manner; but a fair acquaintance with natural science, quick observation, and ready appreciation of men and manners, and native good sense, rendered him always an agreeable companion, while his unfeigned goodness of heart gave him that true politeness which never fails, because it is not the mere outward varnish of fashion, but the flow of a living fountain within. He seems to have had excellent spirits, and to have been much disposed to be facetious. We copy a few amusing anecdotes, which will serve much better to bring him before our readers, than any description or analysis of our own could do.

In the years 1828 and 1837, Chantrey and Turner were on the same council of the Royal Academy: they understood and appreciated each other thoroughly, but Chantrey did not spare his friend; he jocosely and facetiously criticised his pictures to their author, yet in the painter's absence he spoke of them in terms of the highest admiration. While examining the works sent for exhibition, a drawing of "The Falls of Terni" came under notice, which Turner declared was a copy from his drawing of the same scene. Howard, the secretary, said, "Perhaps the artist has been to the same spot from which your view was taken, thus making his drawing similar to yours without having seen it." "No, no," said Chantrey, "if the artist had ever been there, his drawing would not be like Turner's;" inferring that Turner's are not elaborate portraits of any place, but pictures containing all of importance that the view exhibits; whilst all the unimportant parts are reduced to insignificance, by effect or other means, yet from the leading objects, no local representation from his hand can be mistaken. On one of the varnishing days, the weather being cold, Chantrey went up to a picture by Turner, in which orange-chrome was unusually conspicuous, and affecting to warm his hands before it, said,

"Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have a commission to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?"

A few pages further on we find the following:—

Constable, in a letter to a friend describing the varnishing days previous to the Exhibition of 1826, writes: "Chantrey loves painting, and is always up-stairs; he works now and then on my pictures: yesterday he joined our group, and after exhausting his jokes on my landscape, he took up a dirty palette, threw it at me, and was off."

Some years after this, he was seen to glaze the foreground of Constable's picture of "Hadleigh Castle" with asphaltum; and the artist, with some anxiety, said, loud enough for Chantrey to hear him, "There goes all my dew." A bystander asked the sculptor if he would allow Constable to use the chisel upon one of his busts; and he replied "Yes." The cases, however, were not parallel, as the asphaltum could be, as indeed it was, removed by Constable from the picture.

At a public dinner where his health had been drunk, Constable told him that he should have made a speech, instead of merely returning thanks; when Chantrey replied, "How many persons do you think were in the room who thought me a fool for not speaking? and how many would have thought me a fool if I had spoken?"

The sculptor's jokes with Turner, during the preparation for the exhibition, were continual. He heard that the great artist was using some water-colour; he went up to his picture of "Cologne," and drew with a wet finger a great cross on the sail of a vessel, when, to his regret and surprise, he found that he had removed a considerable quantity of glazing colour. However, Turner was not discomposed, and only laughed at the temerity of the sculptor, and repaired the mischief.

Our next are less professional:—

Among men of merit, who fell into any peculiarity of manner in their works, he would try to rally them out of practices that seemed likely to injure their reputation or their works. He extended this jocular mode to others if he detected any affected peculiarity in their dress, manner, or habits, and often sought by a good-natured practical remonstrance to check this disposition. Among others, whenever he saw a man proud of, or cultivating, a superfluous growth of hair, or imitating a Raphaelesque appearance, he would with infinite humour present such a person with a shilling, and beg that he would encourage some hairdresser by his custom. He has been known to send by a friend to any eccentric character this practical and ludicrous remonstrance against singularity.

Mr. JONES tells us—

The original, and somewhat ludicrous, yet affectionate demonstration of regard for his friends, cannot be appreciated by those whose intimacy (*want* of intimacy we suppose the author means) or opportunity did not call it forth. Amongst other singular modes of testimony of regard to a particular friend, whose presence gave him pleasure, was the following: whenever he hired a fresh servant, on the arrival of his friend, he was accustomed to call this servant into his library, then desire his friend to stand up; he then said to the servant, "Look at that gentleman well, examine him well, will you know him again?" By all these questions the servant may be supposed to be (have been?) embarrassed, yet of course he answered in the affirmative, and on such an acknowledgment Chantrey would say: "Well, sir, if you know him, and can recollect him, admit him to me whenever he presents himself."

Highly characteristic are these social traits:

On one occasion, at a dinner party, he was placed nearly opposite his wife at table, at the time when very large and full sleeves were worn, of which lady C. had a very fashionable complement, and the sculptor perceived that a gentleman sitting next to her was constrained to confine his arms, and shrink into the smallest dimensions lest he should derange the superfluous attire. Chantrey observing this, addressed him thus: "Pray, sir, do not inconvenience yourself from the fear of spoiling those sleeves, for that lady is my wife; those sleeves are mine, and as I have paid for them, you are at per-



fect liberty to risk any injury your personal comfort may cause to those prodigies of fashion." Also, noticing a lady with sleeves "curiously cut," he affected to think the slashed openings were from economical motives, and said, "What a pity the dressmaker should have spoiled your sleeves! it was hardly worth while to save such a little bit of stuff."

A lady, one of his guests at dinner, wore a cameo brooch of the head of Michael Angelo: he said to her, "Always wear that brooch at my house, for it prevents me from growing conceited;" and he always had a flow of lively and good-natured trifles that made him agreeable to everybody.

He united with his apparent roughness and abrupt manner the genuine and valuable acts of politeness, for although he has been heard to tell a lady to open the door, and other jocular freedoms, he always attended to their comforts, and rarely omitted going up with the ladies after dinner to see that the fire, the lights, and the curtains were all adjusted as they should be in the drawing-room, for no one better understood these minor acts of attention than himself; and when he found all arranged for their comfort, he returned to his guests in the dining-room.

The humanity and generosity of Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY, seem to have been unbounded. His ear was open to every tale of distress, and his hand ready to relieve it. He was easily imposed upon—not an uncommon circumstance with men of genius—whose intellectual qualifications are generally far removed from those of that class which most easily discerns littleness, meanness and cunning, and which often passes, with superficial judges, for the cleverest. Genius is rarely sharp. To his professional brethren, more especially, CHANTREY was liberal. "He has been known to bestow from one to four hundred pounds at a time on individuals he deemed worthy and less prosperous than himself, and the needy or supplicant never left unrelieved? We extract one anecdote in illustration of his goodness of heart:—

An intimate friend of his visited Rome some years ago, and as his means of expenditure were very limited, Chantrey thought his want of money might preclude him from the extent of information he might wish to acquire by travel and research; the sculptor adopted the following mode to prevent that deficiency:—His friend received a visit, whilst in Rome, from one of the firm of Torlonia, by whom he was advised to purchase objects of antiquity and art. These suggestions, from a banker, surprised the traveller, who frankly confessed that if he had the inclination, he had not the supplies requisite for such purposes; on which the banker told him that he might draw on their house for one thousand pounds. This seemed quite a mistake, until after some discussion respecting the offer, the denial of such credit by the artist, and the affirmation of its existence by the banker, it appeared that Chantrey had placed that sum in the hands of Torlonia for the express and entire use of his friend.

He possessed also that disinterestedness without which greatness can hardly be achieved either in art, science, or literature.

He wished art to be highly appreciated, and well rewarded, and yet the former was still more in his consideration than the latter. Although he obtained good prices himself, and supported them in others, he had an extreme disdain and abhorrence of sacrificing the honour of art to gain by undertaking works at a low price, and bestowing upon them but little time and attention. He was in the habit of asking persons what they intended to expend on a monument, and then told the party what could be done, by himself or others, with justice and success; but in all cases, and whatever the quantity, the utmost exertion of the artist should be given, for the sake of the advancement of art, as well as for the reputation of the individual professor.

St. PAUL says that the love of money is the root of all evil: and it is so in a more extended sense than many imagine. It is not only the plague-spot gradually infecting the

whole moral nature, but it also extends its poisonous influence to the productions of the intellect. Crudeness of thought and slovenliness of execution are the effect of works produced in haste, for the sake of emolument rather than for the advancement of art and literature. Of course it is not meant that men of genius should not receive payment for their works; but genius is a sacred deposit bestowed for the good of mankind, and not for the enrichment or glorification of the individual, and therefore, the first aim of those who possess it ought to be excellence. Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY's views of the artistic character, as it ought to be, were lofty in the extreme:

He had but little feeling for the eccentricities of genius: he thought it an excuse of the ambitious to usurp the place of real and developed talent, and an appeal to the public by presuming individuals of slender abilities. His notion respecting the conduct and character of an artist was almost Utopian, or at least carried to the most chivalric extent; for the thought that no interest nor inclination ought to tempt an artist to any selfish or mercenary view; the love of art, the honour of promoting it, he considered the first duty of an artist: that it ought to supersede every object of profit or worldly advantage: he also thought that all the professors should exercise the most vigorous caution with respect to integrity and honour. A breach of truth, promise, or a subterfuge, he considered as too disgraceful to be endured amongst men who presumed to illustrate the beautiful, the pure, and the virtuous; and he abhorred everything licentious in art.

Well would it be for art, literature, and even religion itself, if the votaries of those principles or pursuits which most dignify human nature thought like CHANTREY! Well would it be if every votary of a noble profession could feel and act as if in him personally the honour of his profession were at stake! There is no surer way of advancing the reputation of any art or science than by presenting a human example of its happy influence. We are told but little concerning CHANTREY's last days:

Two years before Chantrey's death, an awful change took place, distressing to his own spirit and afflicting to his friends; his festivity forsook him, his cheeks fell, his eye lost its lustre, and his beautiful mouth became vacant of expression, and often fell uncontrolled during fits of somnolency; his step became slow and sometimes faltering; but his mind continued active and solicitous; of his profession he felt the importance, and it grew in his esteem as the allurements of the fashionable world became unsuitable to his health or inclination. Whenever his friends, seeing him suffer from indisposition, advised him to relinquish his labours and seek ease in retirement, he used to reply, "my retirement must be my death." His judgment remained clear and undisturbed to the last.

Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY's love for art, and the interest he took in its welfare, were amply evinced by his bequeathing his fortune in its behalf. His death appears to have been sudden at last. Such is the account given of his last moments:

His friend Mr. Jones, keeper of the Royal Academy, called at his house on Thursday, the 25th of November, 1841, between five and six o'clock, and was pressed to dine; but as this was not in his power, Chantrey walked with him part of the way towards Travalgarsquare; during the walk Chantrey complained of a slight pain in his stomach, but made some jokes on his friend suspecting that the pain was choleric. At parting opposite to Buckingham, Mr. Jones advised him to get into a cab, or if he preferred walking, offered to return with him, but with another joke, he struck his stick firmly in the ground, quitted his friend nearly as the clock told seven:—at nine, Chantrey had ceased to be.

We transcribe the concluding sentence of

the work, in which Mr. JONES, breathlessly, as it were, pays a tribute to the virtues of his friend. It is, as usual with the author, conspicuous rather for warmth of feeling, than perspicuity of language:

If the pen of an affectionate friend could describe perfection in confidence and attachment, it should be done; but as that is impossible, that friend may be allowed to record that Chantrey was, in friendship, so tender, affectionate, and confiding, as to be, by those he loved, all but idolized—to the world unbounded in generous but unostentatious liberality; and when misconduct or injustice imposed on his credulity, took no revenge beyond neglect.

CHANTREY's letters, at least those here, being for the most part only short notes, possess but little interest. We insert one, however, to Sir ROBERT PEEL, interesting on account of the history it contains of the sculptor's well-known bust of Sir WALTER SCOTT:

Belgrave-place, 26th January, 1838.

Dear Sir Robert,—I have much pleasure in complying with your request, to note down such facts as remain on my memory concerning the bust of Sir Walter Scott, which you have done me the honour to place in your collection at Drayton Manor. My admiration of Scott as a poet and a man induced me, in the year 1820, to ask him to sit to me for his bust. The only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favour from any one. He agreed; and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me always before his sitting, and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should be all good talkers. That he fulfilled the latter condition you may guess, when I tell you that on one occasion he came with Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, and the late Lord Lyttleton. The marble bust produced from these sittings was moulded, and about forty-five casts were disposed of by me among the poet's most ardent admirers—this was all I had to do with casts. The bust was pirated by Italians, and England and Scotland, and even the colonies were supplied with unpermitted and bad casts to the extent of thousands, in spite of the terror of an act of Parliament! I made a copy in marble from this bust for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Apsley House in March, 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my bust of Sir Walter Scott that I ever executed in marble. I now come to your bust of Scott. In the year 1828, I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an heir-loom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life for my own studio; to this proposal he acceded, and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back: "This Bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1822 by Francis Chantrey, and presented by the sculptor to the poet as a token of esteem, in 1828." In the months of May and June in the same year, 1828, Sir Walter fulfilled his promise, and I finished from his face the marble bust now at Drayton Manor—a better sanctuary than my studio, else I had not parted with it. The expression is more serious than in the two former busts, and the marks of age more than eight years deeper. I have now, I think, stated all that is worthy of remembering about this bust, save that there is no fear of piracy, for it has never been moulded. Under all these circumstances, I assure you, my dear sir, that it would have been very gratifying to me to be allowed to deposit this bust in your gallery on other terms than those of an ordinary commission, a gratification, however, which your liberality has denied to me.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, &c.

F. CHANTREY.

We conclude with a short extract from Sir HENRY RUSSELL's appendix, showing the conclusions to which the sculptor's practical experience without any scientific acquaintance with the subject, had led him, with regard to phrenology.

The subject of craniology being mentioned, I asked him whether—conversant as his pursuits had necessarily made him with the shape and structure of heads—he thought he had found any truth in the doctrine of Gall and Spurzheim, and especially whether he had



observed any reason to suppose that the intellect lay more in the front or the back part of the head? He said, "Yes; I have examined a good many heads of various kinds in my day. I am not prepared to say that it signifies much whether the brains lie before or behind, but there is one thing, and only one, that I am quite sure of, that is, that a head is good for nothing if it has not room for them somewhere or other."

*Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, F.R.S., Author of the "Sylva."* Edited from the original MSS. at Wotton. By WILLIAM BRAY, Esq., F.R.S. A new edition, in 4 vols. Vol. 1. London: Colburn. 1850.

It is singular that we should have had two such curiously minute Diaries of the same era, as those of PEPPYS and EVELYN. But though resembling each other in this characteristic of minute detail, they differ in every other particular. We have not, in the Diary of EVELYN, the self-revelations which make the Diary of PEPPYS a thing *sui generis*, the like of which the world never saw before, and probably will never see again. EVELYN was, perhaps, a keener observer of others than was PEPPYS, and he had nothing of the conceit and self-importance that made the Secretary to the Admiralty the centre of the world in his own estimation. The great value of EVELYN's notes lies in their trustworthiness. He was not deceived by any medium of vanity through which he beheld the men and things about him. As an author, and something of an artist, loving nature and cultivating science, he had a large mind, and, with few prejudices to warp it, he was able to sketch with more than usual fidelity whatever he desired to record. Probably a more accurate notion of the times in which he lived may be obtained from him than from PEPPYS, but certain it is that one is necessary to correct and to complete the other, and that together they form a picture of a remarkable and interesting era in the social and political history of England, such as we possess of no other time and of no other country. This new and cheap edition of EVELYN's Diary will be a necessary companion to the new edition of PEPPYS' Diary lately published.

EVELYN lived in the reigns of CHARLES I., OLIVER CROMWELL, CHARLES II., JAMES II., and WILLIAM and MARY, and moved in the highest circles, having personal intercourse with CHARLES the Second and JAMES. He travelled much, and his diary contains most interesting reminiscences of his tours. He was master of many languages; was a great reader, and a diligent writer. He was first appointed to a public office in 1662, as a commissioner for reforming the buildings and streets, and regulating hackney coaches in London. In 1664 he was on a commission for regulating the Mint. After this, he was placed in many other commissions, in all of which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the Government.

When PETER THE GREAT came to England to learn ship-building, he hired EVELYN's residence, Sayes Court, but did so much damage to it, by driving through the holly hedges with a wheelbarrow, and other barbarous amusements, that he was obliged to pay 150*l.* for the injuries he had done.

In October, 1699, by the death of his elder brother, he came into possession of the family estate at Wotton, and removed thither. In the Great Storm of 1708, no less than 1,000 trees were blown down within sight of his residence.

He lived to the ripe age of eighty-six, dying on the 27th of February, 1708, and was buried at Wotton. His wife survived him three years.

He commences his diary with a formal narrative of his birth, parentage, and education, and then he proceeds to note the most remarkable incidents he can recal of each year. It would appear that he did not begin to keep a regular diary till the year 1644, for not until then do we find him reporting his doings almost day by day. The present volume extends to the year 1664—there being a large hiatus in the narrative.

As this work has been already before the public, has been extensively reviewed and largely read, we will not attempt to follow it, year by year, as we should have done had this been its first appearance; but to exhibit its quality to such of our readers as may not remember it when it was formerly introduced to the public, and to tempt those to make or renew acquaintance with it in this cheaper and more complete and corrected form, we shall glean from each volume, as it comes to hand, some passages, to show its manner and the sort of entertainment which may be largely anticipated from it. It is just the sort of book for book-club circulation. We will take the memoranda indiscriminately, preferring such as illustrate the customs and manners of the time, and passing over the copious notes of his travels, which occupy more than half of this volume.

1652. May 10. Passing by Smithfield, I saw a miserable creature burning, who had murdered her husband. I went to see some workmanship of that admirable artist, Reeves, famous for perspective, and turning curiosities in ivory.

June 11. The weather being hot, and having sent my man on before, I rode negligently under favour of the shade, till, within three miles of Bromley, at a place called the Procession Oak, two cut-throats started out, and striking with long staves at the horse and taking hold of the reins, threw me down, took my sword, and hauled me into a deep thicket, some quarter of a mile from the highway, where they might securely rob me, as they soon did. What they got of money, was not considerable, but they took two rings, the one an emerald with diamonds, the other an onyx, and a pair of buckles set with rubies and diamonds, which were of value, and after all bound my hands behind me, and my feet, having before pulled of my boots; they then set me up against an oak, with most bloody threats to cut my throat if I offered to cry out, or make any noise; for they should be within hearing, I not being the person they looked for. I told them if they had not basely surprised me they should not have had so easy a prize, and that it would teach me never to ride near a hedge, since, had I been in the mid-way, they durst not have ventured on me; at which, they cocked their pistols, and told me they had long guns, too, and were fourteen companions. I begged for my onyx, and told them it being engraved with my arms would betray them; but nothing prevailed. My horse's bridle they slipped, and searched the saddle, which they pulled off, but let the horse graze, and then turning again bridled him and tied him to a tree, yet so as he might graze, and thus left me bound. My horse was perhaps not taken, because he was marked and cropped on both ears, and well known on that road. Left in this manner, grievously was I tormented with flies, ants, and the sun, nor was my anxiety little how I should get loose in that solitary place, where I could neither hear nor see any creature but my poor horse and a few sheep straggling in the copse.

After near two hours attempting, I got my hands to turn palm to palm, having been tied back to back, and then it was long before I could slip the cord over my wrists to my thumb, which at last I did, and then soon unbound my feet, and saddling my horse and roaming a while about, I at last perceived dust to rise, and soon after heard the rattling of a cart, towards which I made, and, by the help of two countrymen I got back into the highway. I rode to Colonel Blount's, a great

judiciary of the times, who sent out hue and cry immediately.

1653. May 19. This day, I paid all my debts to a farthing; oh blessed day!

1657. September 15. I saw the hairy woman, twenty years old, whom I had before seen when a child. She was born at Augsburg, in Germany. Her very eyebrows were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as grows on any woman's head, neatly dressed; a very long lock of hair out of each ear; she had also a most prolix beard, and mustachios, with long locks growing on the middle of her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the colour of a bright brown, fine as well-dressed flax. She was now married, and told me she had one child that was not hairy, nor were any of her parents, or relations. She was very well shaped, and played well on the harpsichord.

1659. September 22. Saw the superb funeral of the Protector. He was carried from Somerset-House in a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses, hosed with the same; the pall held by his new Lords; Oliver lying in effigy, in royal robes, and crowned with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, &c. by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour, armed cap-a-pié, and, after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage, they proceeded to Westminster: but it was the joyfulest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

1660. May 29. This day, his Majesty Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen years. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewn with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies, in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles, clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies, all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.

1660. July 6. His Majesty began first to touch for the evil, according to custom, thus: his Majesty sitting under his state in the Banqueting-house, the churgeons cause the sick to be brought, or led, up to the throne, where they kneeling, the King strokes their faces, or cheeks, with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them, and he healed them." This is said to every one in particular. When they have all been touched, they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel gold\* strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, "That is the true light who came into the world." Then follows an epistle (as at first a Gospel), with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration; lastly, the blessing; and then the Lord Chamberlain and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towel for his Majesty to wash.

1662. January 6. This evening, according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100*l.* (The year before he won 1500*l.*) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about 1000*l.* and left them still at passage, cards, &c. At other tables, both there and at the Groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a Court, which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom.

1662. May 30. The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies, in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantes, their complexions olivader and suffi-

\* Pieces of money, so called from having the figure of an angel on them.

ciently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her fore-top long, and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough.

1665. September 7. Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent-street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

*Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.*  
By EDMUND LODGE, Esq., F.S.A. Vol. 4.  
London: Bohn.

This fourth volume of a work which we have already introduced to our readers, contains thirty finely-engraved portraits of famous historical personages, with biographical memoirs by Mr. LODGE, neatly bound, for a few shillings, being somewhere about one-tenth of its original cost. Among them we find those of Sir HENRY WOTTON, the Earl of STRAFFORD, Lord BROOKE, Lord FALKLAND, Archbishop LAUD, HOWARD, Earl of SURREY, the Earl of ESSEX, CHARLES THE FIRST, Lord HERBERT, of Cherbury, Lord GORING, and the Marquis of MONTROSE. The painters whose portraits are engraved, are VANDYKE, MYTENS, JANSEN, RUBENS, and WALKER. Merely as a work of art for the drawing-room table, it is worth five times its price.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*Views of Nature, or Contemplations on the Sublime Phenomena of Creation; with Scientific Illustrations.*  
By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTE and HENRY G. BOHN. London: Bohn. 1850.

WE have already, at very considerable length, reviewed this delightful collection of the reminiscences of the great traveller and geographer, when it appeared in a more expensive form than that in which it is now published by Mr. BOHN, as an extra volume of his *Standard Library*. The plan and style of the work are, therefore, sufficiently known to the readers of THE CRITIC to have made all of them desirous of possessing and perusing it at leisure, a desire which they may now very cheaply gratify. Mr. BOHN has made a new and accurate translation of the original, and he has added some attractive features, in a coloured view of Chimborazo, and a *fac simile* of a letter addressed to him by the venerable author. A copious index, too, adds much to the value of this volume.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Hesperos; or Travels in the West.* By Mrs. HOUSTON, Author of "Texas and the Gulf of Mexico." In 2 vols. London: W. Parker. 1850.

AMERICA and the Americans have been so often discussed by European travellers, that the reading world may be said, metaphysically speaking, to have swallowed and digested the whole continent of North America, its resources, politics, inhabitants, manners and customs. A tolerably substantial meal, doubtless, and one which we, in our limited powers of gastronomy, feel rather surfeited with. But reviewers, like witches, take in everything. It is their vocation; or, in the ladylike parlance of the day, "it is their mission." Our labours now being in the far West, we will transport our readers, as they sometimes hang people in Vancouver's Island, without judge or jury. Nevertheless, we hope to legalize our procedure. At all events we are in good company, for a lady is the author of *Hesperos*, the work now before us for review. It is written with

a feminine hand, treating on subjects which come within a woman's sphere. The greater portion is confined to observations on social manners and customs, mingled with lively descriptions of scenery, and amusing incidents of travel. The lady's remarks on the public affairs of America have not been so felicitous,—for in treating of the ultra-progressive state of our transatlantic neighbours, it is indeed necessary, as PORE says, "to shoot folly as it flies." Mrs. HOUSTON's observations on the sterility of the soil of the New World is a useful lesson to the ever-grumbling farmers of our own country, who fancy they are hardly used because Dame Nature does not herself sow, plant, reap, and put in barns for them, the produce of her fruitful bosom. It is ever thus that human energy is in the inverse ratio with the fertility of the earth. It is proverbial that the best gardeners come from Scotland, and that the worst farmers are to be found in the luxuriant counties of the West of England. Desirable as emigration is, it is an absolute fact that, if persons were to work as hard and suffer as many privations in England, they might, in nearly every case, get on as well here as in their self-exile. But a great deficiency of moral courage, and a vast superfluity of pride, prevents them. Pride,—that curse of modern civilization,—parent of effeminacy and the other offsprings of these luxurious times. The desire to keep up appearances, as it is called, is an evil feature in the present age: it bodes no good to national welfare, which, after all, is but an aggregate of the prosperity of individuals. In that injurious maxim of keeping up appearances is comprised the seeds of a country's downfall. It involves a host of evils,—false credit—false position—mutual deception—and consequent ruin. This is by no means foreign to the subject of agriculture at home and abroad, for while Protection and Free Trade are struggling together, there is a crying evil to be found in the very fact we mention, of that effort to keep up false appearances which pervades nearly all classes of society. The farmer's daughters are now sent to boarding schools, and the landlord lives on mortgaged acres to support the extravagance of his family, thus indulging in that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself." Regarding this as the result of long-continued national prosperity,—of ultra-refinement—that retrograde step in real civilization, we might have hoped that the youthful energies of a new country would have found some nobler ultimatum in their acquirement of wealth. But with regret we note this oft-repeated remark made by Mrs. HOUSTON, in speaking of the citizens of New York: "Their only private ambition seems now to be that of surpassing their neighbours in the extravagance of their entertainments, and in the ostentatious magnificence of their habitations."

The following extracts will give our readers a better idea of the work before us than any remarks of ours:

Newbury Port, to which we were to travel by the cars, is a considerable town, about thirty-six miles from Boston. It was a dreary country through which we passed, and the land poor and stony, though in many places highly cultivated. In the neighbourhood of Boston are extensive salt marshes, the presence of which, it must be allowed, does not in any part of the world tend to give an agreeable impression of the place which they surround; the trees are also few in number and stunted in growth, and are for the most part firs of various kinds. The suburban houses are numerous, and are many of them large imposing-looking villas, though built chiefly of wood; by far the greater pro-

portion, however, are small cockney affairs, pert and white, and adorned with green jalousies—in short, *des véritables maisons de perruquiers*.

As we advanced, the scenery did not improve; nothing could be less picturesque than the straggling settler's fence, or more desolate-looking than the blackened stumps of the burned-down trees in the newly-cleared lands. To grub up these stumps is one of the severest labours of the settler; one also which he is very apt to neglect, leaving to time and nature the task of reducing the offending objects to a level with the soil. Large granite blocks are often to be seen rearing their heads among the scanty vegetation, and recalling to one's mind the fact that, however much the industry and untiring perseverance of man has done towards improving and cultivating the soil of New England, nature has dealt forth her favours with a niggardly hand.

This boasted State of New York seems in many respects deficient in natural advantages: the soil is in most parts so poor that it does not pay the farmer to raise corn; and labour is so expensive that they cannot afford to improve it. There was a very intelligent New-Yorker on board the *Troy* holding forth on this subject. "I've been down lately," said he, "a good deal among the farmers buying corn: and to see these young farmers! it's quite a warning. A fine young chap of eighteen or nineteen, without a dollar in his pocket, takes and marries a handsome gal of the same age, and with just a few cents in her purse as himself. And what happens next? Why, there they are, everlasting slaves, with their noses at the grindstone, worse a deal than serfs. Now if that young feller had only waited, and saved his wages for a year or two, he might have bought some fine land Tennessee-way at Government price, dollar an acre, and then gone back and married the gal if he liked it. 'Tis poor land, and that's a fact, and I a'nt agoing to deny it: but just look at New England; there's land for you! If you stump the world, you won't find such cold inhospitable land as that on the face of the tarnation earth. Well, no people but those Puritans could have done anything with it; and just look what riches there is in that country. But we're getting along, sir; going ahead. No fear of an universal Yankee; whenever there's an operation to be done, you're sure to find a Yankee at the bottom of it—." He was now fairly off on the never-dying subject—the wonders of the United States; so, knowing all that by heart, I left him to his little knot of eager listeners, each of whom was entering heart and soul into the popular theme.

The following does not speak very highly of the fair Americans, who seem to be as fond of making a good bargain in matrimony as any of the frequenters of our own fashionable watering places:

The dress of the New York ladies is generally overdone, gaudy, and inappropriate; it is also costly and extravagant to the greatest degree; and to spend a large proportion of their husband's hard-earned gains in the purchase of Parisian finery, seems to be one of their great pleasures. The price of every article of dress is nearly treble what it is in either London or Paris; and when it is taken into consideration that they dress much more than it is the custom to do in either of the above capitals, the tremendous drain upon the dollars may be, in some degree, appreciated. Such feathers as I have seen in Broadway!—pink, blue, and red, and floating high in air on the winds of a cold November day. And then the satin gowns, of light and conspicuous colours, and the splendid velvets of every hue—and all this to walk in one of the dirtiest main streets in the world; the object of their promenade (always excepting the primary one of seeing and being seen) being, in all probability, to cheapen groceries in a huckster's store. . . . I was surprised to find that they have their *court guide*, even in New York, and that for one sixpence there could be purchased a "true and correct list of all the wealthy citizens and merchants of New York." In this comprehensive volume was to be found, not only their places of abode, but the amount of their fortunes specified; in this style: Mr. Jonathan —, No. —, Broadway, formerly of Charleston, dry goods merchant; fortune 200,000 dols. Their only private ambition seems now to be that of surpassing their neighbours in the extravagance of their enter-



tainments, and the ostentatious magnificence of their habitations. . . . With them (the younger and unmarried ladies) matrimony is as much a matter of business as an operation in cottons or railroad shares is to their parents. It would be quite a pity if, with the capacity possessed by the fair Americans for driving a bargain, the softer feelings were often allowed to interfere and spoil the operation. A partner at a ball, who has chanced to receive encouragement as the owner of a pair of horses, is speedily discarded for one with four, and he, in like manner, must stand aside if the possessor of a still larger stud should chance to present himself. You will, I know, be ready to tell me that this pernicious system is not confined to the Americans, but that all over the world, wherever there is civilization, there will be heartless ambition and a love of empty show. It is, however, not everywhere that it is all so publicly manifest as in America; with us, the vice, though, alas! too well-known to exist, is, nevertheless, generally reprobated, and is not allowed to stalk unreprieved and unsatirized through all our ball-rooms and in our streets. In Broadway (talking of streets), this peculiarity fully accounted to me for the want of retiring modesty in the countenances and deportments of most of the pretty pedestrians there collected. And what other result can be expected when young girls are thus prematurely launched into an independent career? What but hardness of demeanour and unfeminine ease of manner? They are early thrown into the society of the young of the other sex, without being subjected to any restraint, or being taught that there is a *retenue* of manner which is generally considered as absolutely necessary to ensure respect and consideration in society. No warning whisper from an anxious mother is heard, hinting to them that it is time to stop, when gay and girlish spirits may have led them, perchance to overstep the bounds of strict decorum—what wonder, then, that the “laugh without any controul” should be so much too often heard, and that romping giddy girls should become dressy, uncompanionable wives, and negligent and careless mothers. In any other country in the world but this, worse consequences would much more frequently follow this extremely *decousu* manner of acting. It may be that America's sons are “so good or so old,” that they are not to be tempted by “woman,” whatever they may be by “gold;” or it may be that they are too busy for mischief to arise; however this may be, it is an undoubted fact that a young and pretty girl may travel alone, with perfect safety, from Maine to Missouri, and will meet with nothing but respect and attention the whole way. I wonder of what other country such a remark could be made, with any degree of truth!”

The Americans may be said to exist, as it were, in an express train. They come into the world in a hurry, live as if they were in a hurry, and, for consistency's sake, we suppose, go out of the world in a hurry. “For,” says Mrs. Houston,

It is impossible while reading the inscriptions on the tombs in most of these burial-places not to be painfully affected by the proofs they afford of the shortness of human life in America. After reading the dates of births and deaths on these marble monuments, we found, that out of some hundreds of those who lay under the soft and yielding turf, very few had seen more than forty summers, and that by far the greatest proportion had been summoned to their last account before their fifth lustre had been passed. We had long before this remarked how rare a sight an aged man or woman was in America. There are no drooping forms or decrepit figures, no grey hairs or wrinkled faces: in short, it would appear that age does not and cannot exist in the busy growth of this new country. All here is early, active existence, and the young have enough to do, without being obliged to fulfil what would appear to them the unprofitable task of “rocking the cradle of declining years.” It would be a stretch of fancy, to which I confess myself perfectly unequal, to imagine in this utilitarian country aged forms leaning on the protecting arm of a child or a grandchild; nor do I think that if there were old gentlemen and ladies indiscreet enough thus to “intrude upon posterity,” their delay in quitting the stage of life would be much approved of. I have often

thought that this absence of old people, this want of

“A record which together binds  
Past deeds and offices of charity,”

may have a bad effect on the character. The rising generation, even if haply inclined to the un-American virtue of veneration, have no field for the exercise of sympathy and thought; and the silent monitor, the aged and helpless parent, is seldom there to call forth the most holy and beautiful feelings of our nature. There is a link, too, wanting in the chain of human sympathies, which connects the rising generation with the “long ago” past, when the timeworn figure of the octogenarian is never seen “with solemn steps and slow” among the robust and young—the prosperous and unthinking of the world. The Americans, however, have no past. The present is theirs, with its daily cares and pleasures; but they have so little to look back upon that they naturally glance ahead to what is to come. The future is before them, with its compound of vague hopes and fears, and they “guess,” and “calculate,” and “presume,” that it will be a glorious one when the brilliant past of the Old World shall be the only treasure to which it can lay claim.

The following is rather an amusing story, but we hope not of universal application, as regards our countrymen:

A stage was stopping to change horses, and when it drew up we perceived that in its interior was seated a solitary individual. This individual was a gentleman; and we saw, with half a glance, that he was English. He was busily engaged in reading a newspaper, and with his feet comfortably stretched out on the back seat, was paying no attention to the external sights and sounds. He was not, however, allowed to enjoy his luxurious solitude long; for immediately after the stage stopped, the master of the inn opened the door of the carriage, and civilly requested him to move to the opposite seat, as some ladies were about to bear him company on the road. The Englishman's face of astonishment and disgust was highly amusing. He stared at his interlocutor, and looked anything but inclined to comply with his request. The innkeeper continued to assure him, in a bland but still peremptory manner, that the move must be made, for that “the ladies” were, on all occasions, to be considered first. This doctrine seemed entirely new to the indignant traveller, who, after keeping silence for some minutes during the harangue, with a dignity and solemnity worthy of his country, at last broke out with a degree of violence truly insular. He insisted (quite forgetting the country he was in, and apparently carried away by the force of his imagination to his own *purse-ridden* land) that he had engaged the particular place he occupied at Cumberland, that he had paid for it, and would not give it up for any one living. It made him ill, he affirmed, to sit anywhere else, and being an invalid, he required consideration quite as much as any woman in the world. His opponent only grew the calmer as the Englishman waxed more violent; and I fear, I must add, *abusive expletives* of anything but a gentle and conciliatory nature, fell thick and fast from his lips, and, by this time, a considerable crowd was collected; among whom were the bones of contention,—namely, the three angular and locomotive females. We began to watch the contest with considerable interest, though we had little doubt as to what the result would finally be. Our countryman continued perfectly immovable: and it soon became evident that nothing but a forcible ejection would have any effect in causing him to quit his place. I quite pitied him; it was so difficult, after committing himself in this public manner, and with so many hostile eyes fixed upon him, to concede anything in this advanced stage of the business. He little suspected, poor man! the signal defeat that was in store for him. At length, the Yankee seemed to understand that there was no chance of concession on the part of his dogged opponent, so he quietly shut up the door of the carriage, saying—“Very well, sir, just as you please; you may stay there from this to eternity, for what I care.” Upon this the Englishman, evidently considering that he had obtained the victory, resumed his newspaper, perhaps his feet, and without condescending to cast even a look on the surrounding crowd, wrapped himself up in his studies. In the mean time, we, who were behind the scenes, looked on, and smiled at the ingenious device to which the innkeeper had recourse. Within an almost incredibly short space

of time, another stage, which stood under a sort of open shed, was made ready for the journey, and the horses, which were to have been attached to the carriage in which sat the unsuspicious traveller, were affixed to the vehicle which it was evident was intended by the treacherous innkeeper to take its place. The passengers were already seated in it, and there still sat the “Britisher,” in the enjoyment of his dignified solitude, and perfectly unconscious of the absurdity of his position. A shout of laughter from the assembled bystanders at length compelled him to look up: the stage was on the very point of starting; already had the “All right,” “Go a-head,” been sung out, when perceiving that there was not a moment to be lost, the Englishman, with a degree of moral courage for which I honoured him, jumped out of his hiding-place, with his pride in his pocket, but with manifest confusion on his brow, and took his place in the contemned “back seat,” amidst screams of laughter from the crowd, who were overjoyed that the Yankee had “com ‘possum” over the Britisher.” I did not envy him his drive with the “women scorned,” during the tedious hours that must elapse before he could arrive at his journey's end.

We recommend *Hesperos* to all those whose interest in books of American travels is not utterly exhausted. It is really sagacious, lively, and interesting. C. A. B.

#### FICTION.

*Tales of the Woods and Fields.* By the Author of “*Emilia Wyndham*.” Simms and McIntyre. 1850.

THIS is the new volume of the *Parlour Library*, and we are glad to see that the long series of Mr. JAMES's works, already familiar to most readers, is to be broken by the occasional introduction of others less known of the high class which has won for the *Parlour Library* the popularity it enjoys. The present volume from the pen of the most charming writer of fiction now living, contains two tales, “A Country Vicarage,” and “Love and Duty,” distinguished by all the characteristics that mark Mrs. MARSH's genius.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Germ. Thoughts towards Nature in Poetry, Literature, and Art.* Nos. I. and II. London: Aylott and Jones.

WE depart from our usual plan of noticing the periodicals under one heading, for the purpose of introducing to our readers a new aspirant for public favour, which has peculiar and uncommon claims to attention, for in design and execution it differs from all other periodicals. *The Germ* is the somewhat affected and unpromising title given to a small monthly journal, which is devoted almost entirely to poetry and art, and is the production of a party of young persons. This statement is of itself, as we are well aware, enough to cause it to be looked upon with shyness. A periodical largely occupied with poetry wears an unpromising aspect to readers who have learned from experience what nonsensical stuff most fugitive magazine poetry is; nor is this natural prejudice diminished by the knowledge that it is the production of young gentlemen and ladies. But when they have read a few extracts which we propose to make, we think they will own that for once appearances are deceitful, and that an affected title and an unpromising theme really hides a great deal of genius; mingled, however, we must also admit, with many conceits which youth is prone to, but which time and experience will assuredly tame.

That the contents of *The Germ* are the productions of no common minds, the following extracts will sufficiently prove; and, we may add, that these are but a small portion of the contents which might prefer equal claims to applause.

“My Beautiful Lady,” and “Of my Lady in Death,” are two poems in a quaint metre, full of true poetry, marred by not a few affectations—the genuine metal, but wanting to be purified from its dross. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to find the precious ore anywhere in these unpoetical times.



First, for

## A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

The air blows pure, for twenty miles,  
Over this vast countr' :  
Over hill and wood and vale, it goeth,  
Over steeple, and stack, and tree :  
And there's not a bird on the wind but knoweth  
How sweet these meadows be.

The swallows are flying beside the wood,  
And the corbies are hoarsely crying ;  
And the sun at the end of the earth hath stood,  
And, through the hedge and over the road,  
On the grassy slope is lying :  
And the sheep are taking their supper-food  
While yet the rays are dying.

Sleepy shadows are filling the furrows,  
And giant-long shadows the trees are making ;  
And velvet soft are the woodland tufts,  
And misty-gray the low-down crofts ;  
But the aspens there have gold-green tops,  
And the gold-green tops are shaking ;  
The spires are white in the sun's last light ;—  
And yet a moment ere he drops,  
Gazes the sun on the golden slopes.

Two sheep, afar from fold,  
Are on the hill-side straying,  
With backs all silver, breasts all gold :  
The merle is something saying,  
Something very very sweet :—  
"The day—the day—the day is done :"  
There answereth a single bleat—  
The air is cold, the sky is dimming,  
And clouds are long like fishes swimming.

Sydenham Wood, 1849.

To our taste the following is replete with poetry.  
What a picture it is. A poet's tongue has told what an  
artist's eye has seen. It is the first of a series to be  
entitled "Songs of One Household."

## MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve.  
Upon her eyes' most patient calms  
The lids were shut ; her upland arms  
Covered her bosom, I believe.

Our mother, who had leaned all day  
Over the bed from chime to chime,  
Then raised herself for the first time,  
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread  
With work to finish. For the glare  
Made by her candle, she had care  
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a good moon up,  
Which left its shadows far within !  
The depth of light that it was in  
Seemed hollow like an altar-cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound  
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove  
And reddened. In its dim alcove  
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,  
And my tired mind felt weak and blank ;  
Like a sharp strengthening wine, it drank  
The stillness and the broken lights.

Silence was speaking at my side  
With an exceedingly clear voice :  
I knew the calm as of a choice  
Made in God for me, to abide.

I said "Full knowledge does not grieve :  
This which upon my spirit dwells  
Perhaps would have been sorrow else :  
But I am glad 'tis Christmas Eve."

Twelve struck. That sound, which all the years  
Hear in each hour, crept off ; and then  
The ruffled silence spread again,  
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat,  
Her needles, as she laid them down,  
Met lightly, and her silken gown  
Settled : no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born"  
So, as said angels, she did say !  
Because we were in Christmas-day.  
Though it would still be long till dawn.

She stood a moment with her hands  
Kept in each other, praying much ;  
A moment that the soul may touch  
But the heart only understands.

Almost unwittingly, my mind  
Repeated her words after her ;  
Perhaps though my lips did not stir ;  
It was scarce thought, or cause assign'd.

Just then in the room over us  
There was a pushing back of chairs,  
As some who had sat unawares  
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

Anxious, with softly stepping haste,  
Our mother went where Margaret lay,  
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they  
Have broken her long-watched for rest !

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned ;  
But suddenly turned back again ;  
And all her features seemed in pain  
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,  
And held my breath, and spake no word :  
There was none spoken ; but I heard  
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept.  
And both my arms fell, and I said :  
"God knows I knew that she was dead."  
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn  
A little after twelve o'clock  
We said, ere the first quarter struck,  
"Christ's blessing on the newly born !"

What a sweet little lyric is this :

## THE SEASONS.

The crocus, in the shrewd March morn,  
Thrusts up his saffron spear ;  
And April dots the sombre thorn  
With gems, and loveliest cheer.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might ;  
While slowly swells the pod,  
And rounds the peach, and in the night  
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The winter comes : the frozen rut  
Is bound with silver bars ;  
The white drift heaps against the hut ;  
And night is pierced with stars.

Although wanting the originality which marks the  
previous extracts, there is a pleasant strain of sentiment  
and gracefulness of composition in the following :

## A TESTIMONY.

I said of laughter : It is vain :—  
Of mirth I said : What profits it ?—  
Therefore I found a book, and writ  
Therein, how ease and also pain,  
How health and sickness, every one  
Is vanity beneath the sun.

Man walks in a vain shadow ; he  
Disquieteth himself in vain.

The things that were shall be again.  
The rivers do not fill the sea,  
But turn back to their secret source ;  
The winds, too, turn upon their course.

Our treasures, moth and rust corrupt ;  
Or thieves break through and steal ; or they  
Make themselves wings and fly away.

One man made merry as he sup'd,  
Nor guessed how when that night grew dim,  
His soul would be required of him.

We build our houses on the sand  
Comely withoutside, and within ;  
But when the winds and rains begin  
To beat on them, they cannot stand ;  
They perish, quickly overthrown,  
Loose at the hidden basement stone.

All things are vanity, I said ;  
Yea vanity of vanities.  
The rich man dies ; and the poor dies ;  
The worm feeds sweetly on the dead.  
Whatso thou lackest, keep this trust ;  
All in the end shall have but dust.

The one inheritance, which best  
And worst alike shall find and share,  
The wicked cease from troubling there,  
And there the weary are at rest ;  
There all the wisdom of the wise  
Is vanity of vanities.

Man flourishes as a green leaf,  
And as a leaf doth pass away ;  
Or, as a shade that cannot stay,  
And leaves no track, his course is brief ;  
Yet doth man hope and fear and plan  
Till he is dead ;—oh foolish man !

Our eyes cannot be satisfied  
With seeing ; nor our ears be fill'd  
With hearing ; yet we plant and build,  
And buy, and make our borders wide ;  
We gather wealth, we gather care,  
But know not who shall be our heir.

Why should we hasten to arise  
So early, and so late take rest ?  
Our labour is not good ; our best  
Hopes fade ; our heart is stayed on lies ;  
Verily, we sow wind ; and we  
Shall reap the whirlwind, verily.

He who hath little shall not lack ;  
He who hath plenty shall decay ;  
Our fathers went ; we pass away ;  
Our children follow on our track ;  
So generations fail, and so  
They are renewed, and come and go.

The earth is fattened with our dead ;  
She swallows more and doth not cease ;  
Therefore her wine and oil increase  
And her sheaves are not numbered ;  
Therefore her plants are green, and all  
Her pleasant trees lusty and tall.

Therefore the maidens cease to sing,  
And the young men are very sad ;  
Therefore the sowing is not glad,  
And weary is the harvesting.  
Of high and low, of great and small,  
Vanity is the lot of all.

A king dwelt in Jerusalem ;  
He was the wisest man on earth ;  
He had all riches from his birth,  
And pleasures till he tired of them ;  
Then, having tested all things, he  
Witnessed that all are vanity.

We have not space to take any specimens of the prose,  
but the essays on art are conceived with an equal appre-  
ciation of its meaning and requirements. Being such,  
*The Germ* has our heartiest wishes for its success ; but  
we scarcely dare to hope that it may win the popularity  
it deserves. The truth is, that it is too good for the  
time. It is not material enough for the age.

E. W. C.

*Voices of the Night, and other Poems.* By HENRY W.  
LONGFELLOW. London: Slater.

LONGFELLOW contests with BRYANT the palm of poetry  
in America. It is, indeed, difficult to say to which of  
them it properly belongs. LONGFELLOW is the poet of  
thought, BRYANT of feeling. A profound philosophy  
lies at the bottom of LONGFELLOW's lyrics ; BRYANT's  
is only sentiment—but sentiment of surpassing sweetness,  
tenderness, and purity. BRYANT excels, too, in the  
mechanism of verse ; probably he is more painstaking,  
and revises and polishes with more industry. But  
LONGFELLOW has more energy and roughness. BRYANT's  
poetry is the very best of its class, but that  
class is not the highest. LONGFELLOW's poetry, on the  
contrary, is of the loftiest class, but he is not foremost  
in his ranks. These remarks will properly introduce a  
cheap edition of one of his volumes lately published by  
Mr. SLATER, and from which we take two or three  
delightful poems in illustration of them.

The following is probably known to many readers ;  
but they will be pleased to renew their acquaintance  
with it, while they who read it now for the first time,  
will thank us for introducing them to so fine a composi-  
tion.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in some old marvellous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled ;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguers the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave ;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

And not less will they be delighted with

#### FLOWERS.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of old;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they behold.

Wondrous truths and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;  
Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
But in Summer's green-embazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools, in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

*The Visit, and other Poems.* By J. S. London: Lewis.  
*People's Classical Library.* No. 1. *Homer's Iliad.*  
Newly Translated.

AN extract from the first of these works will show its quality better than any criticism.

From *The Visit*:

Whereon she gazed wondering till her heart  
Had counted three when they vanished with a start,  
Of melody which woke her sister who had been  
Dreaming that a hunter train had made her queen.

The translation of the *Iliad* is decent: but an hundred-fold inferior to POPE'S. Why, then, take the trouble to write, or incur the cost of printing, it? If a *People's* edition of HOMER be desirable, reprint POPE cheaply. There is no copyright in the way.

*Fiesco, an Historical Play.* In Five Acts, altered from SCHILLER. London: Wright. 1850.

FIESCO is a fine reading play, but even Mr. PLANCHE'S artistic skill has failed to make of it a good acting-play. Wherefore this? It is not wanting in the elements of the drama, passion, pathos, variety, an interesting plot? Still it *drags*. Can it be because we are listening to a translation, and that some of the spirit of the original is lost in the passage? It may be so. Nevertheless, it will be read with pleasure, and this edition of it will be welcome to the admirers of SCHILLER.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Latter-day Pamphlets.* Edited by THOMAS CARLYLE. No. I. *The Present Time.*

PHILOSOPHERS may be broadly distinguished into two classes, each the result of a peculiar mental conformation, the *Creative* and the *Destructive*. The former are the fewest and the most silent; the latter the most numerous and the most noisy. The characteristic and the function of the one is ever to show the world what to do; of the other to find fault with what is done. The first is by the far the noblest vocation, and demands the loftiest intellect; the second is an office which really great minds often perform, but which inferior minds can execute almost as well as themselves. The ease of fault-finding is proverbial. The slowness of construction is rivalled by the rapidity of destruction. The destroyer has always been, and ever will be, a useful and a necessary office in society; but it is not therefore one to be held in high honour. That is the heritage of him who not only can discern what is wrong in the order of things, but at the same time shows practically how it may be righted.

If speeches in Parliament, leading articles, and pamphlets, were forbidden never to find fault with anything without at the same time stating, with reasons for it, the means by which it may be amended, what a curtailment there would be of Parliamentary Debates and leaded columns in the newspapers. And yet why should such a rule not be made? Why should it be lawful for a man to waste the valuable time of other men in telling them what they knew before, that no human institution is faultless, unless he is prepared then and there to suggest the means by which the fault he indicates may be removed?

Had such a rational rule existed, we should never have seen Mr. CARLYLE'S *Latter-day Pamphlets*, or, at least, this No. 1 of them. Mr. CARLYLE is emphatically a destroyer: he wields his sledge-hammer against whatever is, with the heartiest zeal and the most terrible energy. He topples down many a flimsy structure with a blow or two. He makes the most ancient and solid edifices groan and shake. But that is all. He cannot construct the rudest hut. It was so with him from the first, and it is so now. He has undertaken to denounce to us, in a series of pamphlets, of which this is first, about our social maladies, and we might reasonably hope to find some sensible and practical suggestions for a cure of them, or of some of them. But the reader will search in vain for anything of the sort. Never does Mr. CARLYLE say, as a really wise man—that is, a man who thinks with reference to action—would say, “such and such are the evils that afflict society; such and such are the cures for them;” he dissects the evils very cleverly, and exhibits them in their festering repulsiveness to his audience; but when they are listening with open mouth and ears, eagerly hoping to learn from him by what practicable measures he purposes to rid

the earth of them, he forthwith flies off into some mystical flourish of fine words, which he imposes upon his hearers, and, perhaps, even upon himself, for something more than words, but which, if you search ever so long, will be found to yield nothing substantial.

If, therefore, statesman, or philosopher, or politician, expects to discover in Mr. CARLYLE'S pamphlet any practical information to assist him in the business of government, or the shaping of reflection to action, he will be entirely disappointed. But if the reader be content only with profound and novel thoughts thrown in here and there, and old thoughts expressed in new and striking forms, and with a dash of the mystical, in which CARLYLE so delights, and touches of poetry, of which he is so capable, this first of the *Latter-day Pamphlets* will reward perusal; but it must be read, to be enjoyed, as a miscellaneous collection of the thoughts of a strangely compounded mind, and, as such, it will be welcomed everywhere.

It is impossible to attempt to deduce from it aught in the shape of an argument, for the writer had none; it can be exhibited only, and will be, indeed, so best shown, by extracting isolated passages, having in them something remarkable.

He attributes the revolutions of 1848 to the POPE, whom he thus describes:—

#### THE REFORMING POPE.

An alarming business, that of governing in the throne of St. Peter by the rule of veracity! By the rule of veracity, the so-called throne of St. Peter was openly declared, above three hundred years ago, to be a falsity, a huge mistake, a pestilent dead carcass, which this Sun was weary of. More than three hundred years ago, the throne of St. Peter received peremptory judicial notice to quit; authentic order, registered in Heaven's chancery, and since legible in the hearts of all brave men, to take itself away,—to begone, and let us have no more to do with it and its delusions and impious deliriums;—and it has been sitting every day since, it may depend upon it, at its own peril withal, and will have to pay exact damages yet for every day it has so sat. Law of veracity? What this Popedom had to do by the law of veracity, was to give up its foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men: honestly to die, and get itself buried!

Far from this was the thing the poor Pope undertook in regard to it;—and yet, on the whole, it was essentially this too. “Reforming Pope?” said one of our acquaintance, often in those weeks, “Was there ever such a miracle? About to break up that huge imposthume too, by ‘curing’ it? Turgot and Necker were nothing to this. God is great; and when a scandal is to end, brings some devoted man to take charge of it in hope, not in despair!”—But cannot he reform? asked many simple persons;—to whom our friend in grim banter would reply: “Reform a Popedom,—hardly. A wretched old kettle, ruined from top to bottom, and consisting mainly now of foul *grin* and *rust*: stop the holes of it, as your antecessors have been doing, with temporary patty, it may hang together yet a while; begin to hammer at it, solder at it, to what you call mend and rectify it,—it will fall to shreds, assure as rust is rust; go all into nameless dissolution,—and the fat in the fire will be a thing worth looking at, poor Pope!” So accordingly it has proved. The poor Pope, amid felicitations and tar-barrels of various kinds, went on joyfully for a season: but he had awakened, he as no other man could do, the sleeping elements; mothers of the whirlwinds, conflagrations, earthquakes. Questions not very soluble at present, were even sages and heroes set to solve them, began everywhere with new emphasis to be asked. Questions which all official men wished, and almost hoped, to postpone till Doomsday. Doomsday itself *had* come; that was the terrible truth!

Strangely mingling his creeds, while violently hostile to Negro Emancipation, openly advocating Slavery, Mr. CARLYLE is yet a lover of

#### DEMOCRACY.

For universal Democracy, whatever we may think of

it, has declared itself as an inevitable fact of the days in which we live; and he who has any chance to instruct, or lead, in his days must begin by admitting that; new street-barricades, and new anarchies, still more scandalous if still less sanguinary, must return and again return, till governing persons everywhere know and admit that. Democracy—it may be said everywhere, is here:—for sixty years now, ever since the grand or *First French Revolution*, the fact has been terribly announced to all the world; in message after message, some of them very terrible indeed; and now at last all the world ought really to believe it. That the world does believe it; that even kings now as good as believe it, and know, or with just terror surmise, that they are but temporary phantasm Play-actors, and that Democracy is the grand, alarming, imminent and indisputable Reality: this, among the scandalous phases we witnessed in the last two years, is a phasis full of hope: a sign that we are advancing closer and closer to the very problem itself, which it will behoove us to solve or die;—that all fighting and campaigning and coalitioning in regard to the *existence* of the problem, is hopeless and superfluous henceforth. The gods have appointed it so; no Pitt nor body of Pitts or mortal creatures can appoint it otherwise. Democracy, sure enough, is here: one knows not how long it will keep hidden underground even in Russia;—and here in England, though we object to it resolutely in the street-barricades and insurrectionary pikes, and decidedly will not open doors to it on those terms, the tramp of its million feet is on all streets and thoroughfares, the sound of its bewildered thousandfold voices is in all writings and speakings, in all thinkings and modes and activities of men: the soul that does not now, with hope or terror, discern it, is not the one we address on this occasion. What is democracy; this huge inevitable product of the destinies, which is everywhere the portion of our Europe in these latter days? There lies the question for us. Whence comes it, this universal big black democracy; whither tends it; what is the meaning of it? A meaning it must have, or it would not be here. If we can find the right meaning of it, we may, wisely submitting or wisely resisting and controlling, still hope to live in the midst of it; if we cannot find the right meaning, if we find only the wrong or no meaning in it, to live will not be possible.

This is powerful writing. Equally so is his picture of the

#### EUROPEAN REVOLUTION OF '48.

Everywhere immeasurable Democracy rose monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate as the voice of Chaos. Everywhere the Official holy-of-holies was scandalously laid bare to dogs and the profane:—Enter, all the world, see what kind of Official holy it is. Kings everywhere, and reigning persons, stared in sudden horror, the voice of the whole world bellowing in their ear, "Begone, ye imbecile hypocrites, hystrios not heroes! Off with you, off!"—and, what was peculiar and notable in this year for the first time, the Kings all made haste to go, as if exclaiming, "We are poor hystrios, we sure enough;—did you want heroes? Don't kill us; we couldn't help it!" Not one of them turned round, and stood upon his Kingship, as upon a right he could afford to die for, or to risk his skin upon; by no manner of means. That, I say, is the alarming peculiarity at present. Democracy, on this new occasion, finds all Kings *conscious* that they are but Playactors. The miserable mortals, enacting their High Life Below Stairs, with faith only that this Universe may perhaps be all a phantasm and hypocrisis, —the truculent Constable of the Destinies suddenly enters: "Scandalous Phantasms, what do you here? Are 'solemnly constituted Inpostors' the proper Kings of men? Did you think the Life of Man was a grimacing dance of apes? To be led always by the squeak of your paltry fiddle? Ye miserable, this Universe is not an upholstery Puppet-play, but a terrible God's Fact; and you, I think,—had not you better be gone!" They fled precipitately, some of them with what we may call an exquisite ignominy,—in terror of the treadmill or worse. And everywhere the people, or the populace, take their own government upon themselves; and open "kinglessness," what we call *anarchy*,—how happy if it be *anarchy plus* a street-constable:—is everywhere the order of the day. Such was the history, from Baltic to Mediterranean, in Italy, France, Prussia, Austria, from end to end of Europe, in those March days of

1848. Since the destruction of the old Roman Empire by inroad of the Northern Barbarians, I have known nothing similar.

And so, then, there remained no king in Europe; no King except the Public Haranguer, haranguing on barrel-head, in leading-article; or getting himself aggregated into a National Parliament to harangue. And for about four months all France, and to a great degree all Europe, rough-ridden by every species of delirium, except happily the murderous for most part, was a weltering mob, presided over by M. de Lamartine at the Hotel-de-Ville; a most eloquent fair-spoken literary gentleman, whom thoughtless persons took for a prophet, priest, and heaven-sent evangelist, and whom a wise Yankee friend of mine discerned to be properly "the first stump-orator in the world, standing too on the highest stump,—for the time." A sorrowful spectacle to men of reflection, during the time he lasted, that poor M. de Lamartine; with nothing in him but melodious wind and *soft sonder*, which he and the others took for something divine and not diabolic! Sad enough; the eloquent latest impersonation of Chaos-come-again; able to talk for itself, and declare persuasively that it is *Cosmos*! However, you have but to wait a little, in such cases; all balloons do and must give up their gas in the pressure of things, and are collapsed in a sufficiently wretched manner before long.

Yet while advocating Democracy, he despises and denounces Parliaments as worthless. What, then, does he want?

#### PARLIAMENT.

To examine this recipe of a Parliament, how fit it is for governing nations, nay, how fit it may now be, in these new times, for governing England itself where we are used to it so long; this, too, is an alarming inquiry, to which all thinking men, and good citizens of their country, who have an ear for the small still voices and eternal intimations, across the temporary clamours and loud blaring proclamations, are now solemnly invited. Invited by the rigorous fact itself; which will one day, and that perhaps soon, demand practical decision or re-decision of it from us,—with enormous penalty if we decide it wrong! I think we shall all have to consider this question, one day; better perhaps now than later, when the leisure may be less. If a Parliament with suffrages and universal or any conceivable kind of suffrages, is the method, then certainly let us set about discovering the kind of suffrages, and rest no moment till we have got them. But it is possible a Parliament may not be the method! Possible the inveterate notions of the English People may have settled it as the method, and the Everlasting Laws of Nature may have settled it as not the method! Not the whole method; nor the method at all, if taken as the whole?

And thus he raves against all existing Governments. Still, we ask, what sort of Government would he have?

#### BRITISH LIBERTY.

Reader, did you ever hear of "Constituted Anarchy?" Anarchy; the choking, sweltering, deadly and killing rule of No-rule; the consecration of cupidity, and braying folly, and dim stupidity and baseness, in most of the affairs of men? Slop-shirts attainable three-half-pence cheaper, by the ruin of living bodies and immortal souls? Solemn Bishops and High Dignitaries, our divine "Pillars of Fire by night," debating meanwhile, with their largest wigs, and gravest look, upon something they call "preventive grace?" Alas, our noble men of genius, Heaven's *real* messengers to us, they also rendered nearly futile by the wasteful time;—pre-appointed they everywhere, and assiduously trained by all their pedagogues and monitors, to "rise in Parliament," to compose orations, write books, or in short speak words, for the approval of reviewers; instead of doing real *kingly work* to be approved of by the gods! Our "Government," a "responsible" one; responsible to no God that I can hear of, but to the twenty-seven million *gods* of the shilling gallery. A government tumbling and drifting on the whirlpools and mud-deluges, floating atop in a conspicuous manner, nowhither,—like the carcass of a drowned ass. Authentic *Chaos* come up into this sunny cosmos again; and all men singing *Gloria in excelsis*. In spirituals and temporals, in field

and workshop, from Manchester to Dorsetshire, from Lambeth Palace to the Lanes of Whitechapel, wherever men meet and toil and traffic together,—Anarchy, Anarchy; and only the street-constable (though with ever-increasing difficulty) still maintaining himself in the middle of it; that so, for one thing, this blessed exchange of slop-shirts for the souls of women may transact itself in a peaceable manner!—I, for my part, do profess myself in eternal opposition to this, and discern well that universal Ruin has us in the wind, unless we can get out of this. My friend Crabbe, in a late number of his *Intermittent Radiator*, pertinently enough exclaims:

"When shall we have done with all this of British Liberty, Voluntary Principle, Dangers of Centralization, and the like? It is really getting too bad. For British Liberty, it seems, the people cannot be taught to read. British Liberty, shuddering to interfere with the rights of capital, takes six or eight millions of money annually to feed the idle labourer whom it dare not employ. For British Liberty we live over poisonous cesspools, gully-drains, and detestable abominations; and omnipotent London cannot sweep the dirt out of itself. British Liberty produces—what? Floods of Hansard Debates every year, and apparently little else at present. If these are the results of British Liberty, I, for one, move we should lay it on the shelf a little, and look out for something other and farther. We have achieved British Liberty hundreds of years ago; and are fast growing, on the strength of it, one of the most absurd populations the Sun, among his great Museum of Absurdities, looks down upon at present."

One passage, in conclusion, which contains a truth that had occurred to us before. We hear a great deal about distressed needlewomen. Wherefore is it, then, that all housekeepers in London will tell you that if a needlewoman is wanted to do some work in a household, it is very difficult to obtain one who knows how to make even a gown, and, if found, she is only to be obtained at the price of 2s. 6d. or 3s. a day, besides four hearty meals, equal together to wages of 5s. a day, or 30s. per week. Why has not competition, if it exists to the extent asserted, reduced these extravagant prices. Yet is the fact we have stated as familiar to every housekeeper in London as to ourselves, and certainly contrasts strangely with the complaints that fill the newspapers. Mr. CARLYLE has an inkling of this.

Many things have been written about shirtmaking; but here perhaps is the saddest thing of all, not written anywhere till now that I know of. Shirts by the thirty-thousand are made at twopence-halfpenny each; and in the meanwhile no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife to give, for fair wages, fair help in sewing. Ask any thrifty house-mother, high or low, and she will answer. In high houses and in low, there is the same answer: No *real* needlewoman, "distressed" or other, has been found attainable in any of the houses I frequent. Imaginary needlewomen, who demand considerable wages, and have a deepish appetite for beer and viands, I hear of everywhere; but their sewing proves too often a distracted puckering and botching; not sewing, only the fallacious hope of it, a fond imagination of the mind. Good sempstresses are to be hired in every village; and in London, with its famishing thirty-thousand, not at all, or hardly. Is not No-government beautiful in human business? To such length has the Leave-alone principle carried it, by way of organizing labour in this affair of shirt-making.

The only remedy we can discover as lurking in Mr. CARLYLE'S mind, though he fears to avow it in so many words, is the adoption of Socialism, the *organization of labour*. Strange, that with the experience of France before his eyes, a thinking man should yet cling to such a fallacy. We trust that his future pamphlets will be more practically useful, even if they be less amusing.

E. W. C.



*Socialism Unmasked: a Plain Lecture.* From the French of CHARLES GOURARD. Slater.

It scarcely needed M. GOURARD's closely-reasoned, yet most clear and convincing argument, to prove to Englishmen that Socialism is either a madness or a dream. But, if any there be who have yet a doubt, let them read this excellent translation of a singularly clever lecture, and they will hesitate no longer. If it were not, unhappily, that, under the guise of philanthropy, and with the best intentions, many persons are busily engaged in promulgating practical socialism, proclaiming its principles, while they repudiate the name, we should have said that it had not a substantial existence among us. But, while there are people at once so weak and well-intentioned, such an unmasking as this of the monster who is imposing upon their kind-heartedness, may be fraught with benefit to themselves—and to society, which they are endangering.

#### RELIGION.

*Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Twelfth Century.* P.p. 157. London: W. Pickering.

THIS work belongs to a series of "Small Books on great Subjects" which has already deserved well of the public, and this latest number does no discredit to its family. Many who have no time for reading great books on any subject are indebted to MR. PICKERING, and his staff of able coadjutors, for much useful information on matters not usually attainable, except as the result of a most arduous course of private investigation. Perhaps those who have plenty of leisure, as well as a taste for reading of this kind, may wish that treatises, which are so interesting as these, were also a little longer and more exhaustive, and may think that the topics of which they treat cannot be very adequately discussed, or the facts bearing on them very fully recounted, within limits so confined. They may feel that there is just enough of information given in each volume to awaken their curiosity, but not quite enough to satisfy it, and that the pleasure with which they read is a little damped by finding themselves so soon at the end. But it is no dispraise to a book to say, that it does not answer an end which it never contemplated; and the class to whom the brevity of the small books is a substantial benefit is a much larger one than that with whom it will constitute an objection. If any of our readers should be still unacquainted with this series, it is right to warn them that the treatises of which it is composed, are of a very different character from those cheap tracts and pamphlets, in which "Knowledge for the Million" is now so plentifully distributed. They will not find the subjects presented in the business-like, cut-and-dry, systematic fashion of our cyclopedias or sixpenny volumes. They will, perhaps, not even be favoured with a full account of all the facts which might be amassed on their various topics, nor with any history of all that has been previously said on them by other writers, such as may be found in the useful publications of CHARLES KNIGHT, and the Messrs. CHAMBERS. But they will find that they are, one and all, distinguished by a feature which, we beg leave to think, is of far higher and more permanent value. The mere facts and circumstantial particulars on ordinary subjects may be easily acquired by consulting any book of reference, to which residents in the Metropolis, at all events, can generally find ready access; nor are we, for our part, disposed to undervalue the importance of this elementary stage in any inquiry. But what they will not find in books of reference of any kind, and what, we think, these modest little treatises of MR. PICKERING will teach them, is how to make use of the facts which they have collected from other sources. If they will not make "a full man," they will at least tend to make a thoughtful one. Their great and distinguishing advantage is, not so much that they enforce what is true, as that they are eminently suggestive, and calculated to teach any man who can think at all, in what manner he ought to think, so as to seek and to find truth of any kind for himself. Instead of deadening the spirit of inquiry (as is the tendency, it must be acknowledged, of our massive encyclopaedia literature) they are well fitted to encourage a spirit of independent research, at the same time that they supply it with some very useful materials for its labours. We

must observe, however, that those who will derive most benefit from them are persons who have received a liberal education, and have been trained in some degree to habits of reflection.

These remarks apply to the series in general; but we owe a more special notice to the particular volume now before us. It gives us pleasure to observe, in the first place, that it supplies a gap we had previously felt. One of the former volumes treated of Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Second Century, before there had been time for either to become much vitiated; and in a subsequent number of the series we had a tolerably full and impartial account of our contemporary Christianity, in such phases as it now exhibits, and with such variations of speculative belief and actual practice as obtain among our existing sects. But what we wanted, and what this volume at length affords, was a fair and calm-spirited view of that period in the history of the church, which stands midway between the time when Christianity still retained its first purity, and that time of reformation when the consciousness of its degeneracy could no longer be endured. It is not, certainly, that nothing has been written of late years on the faith of the Middle Ages. We have had enough and to spare from men of the most opposite sentiments, but always with some polemical aim in view, which rendered it difficult to be simply just and truthful. On the one hand, we have those who will persist in looking back with a sort of loving longing regret to that period, as if it were an era, in which human society appeared in a diviner aspect than now—when man's life was one long self-inflicted trial, and daily recurring sacrifice; when the spiritual was ever triumphant over, ever holding in subjection, the body and the things which pertain to it: when the commonest incidents of everyday existence were seen surrounded with sacred associations, and all its affections were turned to high and unselfish uses. On the other hand, there are those who find it impossible to think of the Middle Ages save in their connexion with Romish corruptions, and who characterise the period as one of simple, unmitigated darkness, slavery, and priestly crime, and who cannot think of it with ordinary calmness, or recall even its historical transactions without the most fruitless outbursts of indignation. With neither of these classes have we the least sympathy; nor can we imagine what useful purpose is to be served by the dreary sentimentalism of the one, or the ignorant zeal of the other. What has been wanted is, a writer who can do justice to the piety of the pious of those times, and yet perceive the fundamental falsehood on which their notion of virtue was based,—who can appreciate the real devotion of the few earnest men in the religious orders, and yet not close his eyes to the frightful immoralities of which outward sanctity was often the wretched and inefficient disguise. Such a book as this, on a large scale, is yet needed for the use of the students and scholars; but in the meantime, as far as ordinary readers are concerned, the deficiency is well supplied by the little volume now under consideration.

The plan on which our author proceeds is exceedingly simple, and gives us a favourable impression of his candour. He selects as the best specimen of a good priest of that age, the famous ST. BERNARD, Abbot of Clairvaux; and it is in extracts from his sermons and letters that the evidence is mostly contained. He does not speak *for* the Abbot, but gives us his own words, literally as he spoke them; and we confess we were not prepared for the disclosures which this evidence makes to us. There is absolutely nothing in the extracts given in this volume, and we are assured that the most favourable have been selected which should have characterized the Christian preacher and priest. This is all the more pitiable when we know that BERNARD, whatever else he was, was himself a man of most pure and blameless life, deeply affected at witnessing the moral corruptions of the society he had to deal with, and much alive to the necessity of effecting a reformation in the manners of his time. Yet we do not hesitate to say that in these remains of his public and social teaching, there is neither Christian instruction, nor Christian morality, nor even any of that imaginative eloquence which, in that ardent and romantic age, the great facts of our faith might well have kindled in the soul of a saint. In place of the first, there is much extravagant abuse of the heretics that were even then beginning to trouble the peace of the Popedom; and if the discourses of the

priests were to stand in the stead of the scriptures in the vulgar tongue, one is horrified to think how grotesque and inadequate must have been the popular notion as to the contents of the sacred volume. As for morality, so distorted were the principles which the best men at this epoch sought to carry out, that even those who were inspired with the purest zeal could only insist on voluntary poverty and asceticism of life, and with much fatiguing iteration admonish those whom they taught to crush those affections and sympathies on which all our domestic relations subsist, and which are in fact, the surest safeguards of virtue; while the place of all imaginative appeals is, in the much-lauded sermons of ST. BERNARD, supplied by the poorest play upon words, the most impossible applications of scripture metaphors, and a grotesque association of sacred names and persons with mean and petty associations ever hovering on the verge of blasphemy, and often seeming to us to pass far beyond it. We are of course aware that it is possible to garble extracts, and, even in one's own words, by dexterous omissions, to give a false representation of one's real sentiments; but there is an air of fairness in the manner in which the evidence is here laid before us, which is calculated to gain our confidence. The author seems to have no reluctance to bring out the lights as well as the shadows of his picture, and the former, though few, are all the brighter in their contrast to the too prevalent gloom. There is no attempt made to conceal the useful services which the monastic orders have rendered to learning and philosophy, although their religious teaching and their moral code are discovered to be false and defective. Nor, in the midst of the good Abbot's trivialities is there any disposition to withhold from him his just meed of praise for the courage which he seems uniformly to have displayed in rebuking him in high places, repressing the barbarities of the powerful, and interposing between them and their victims the shield of the church's protection. There is no more fear of consequences, and no more mincing of matters, when he writes to CONRAD, Duke of Zeringen, to reprove his violence, than when he writes to his own young nephew to censure his abandonment of the stern order of the Cistercians, for the more indulgent rule of the order of Clugni, all which our author brings out with due prominence.

The consequences which flow from such teaching as that which has been indicated are just what might have been expected. As the multiplication of ridiculous legends and miracles, from the excessive demand they made on human credulity, succeeded in making many sceptics within the bosom of the church; so, the imposition of unnatural rules of moral conduct, from their very opposition to nature, and the outrage they offered to man's best affections, ended in making the religious only the craftier in their sin, and the proflounder in their dissimulation; while the ban which was pronounced against all innocent pleasures, prepared them to avail themselves of the most atrocious substitutes, and to make the power of the church, which they wielded, the terrible instrument of accomplishing their infamous designs. As regarded those who scoffed at religious restraints, and did not care to affect an outward sanctity, the only effect of the system was to aggravate their indifference to the claims of morality, and to make them the more desperately and outrageously wicked. The mutual relation of the sexes, too, being bereaved of that character of sacredness which the Divine Being had originally conferred on it—marriage itself being pronounced a state of comparative sinfulness on which none who wished to preserve a reputation for the fictitious kind of holiness which was then in vogue, would adventure—it naturally followed that the regular ties which bind the sexes fell into contempt, the amenities of life, which are their usual result, were sacrificed, so that on one side might be seen the scowling priest revenging on the *laic* or the heretic his sacrificed pleasures, and forsworn indulgence in domestic felicity; while on the other was presented a scene of bold and unblushing licentiousness such as Rome herself hardly equalled, even when most fallen from the stern virtue of her prime, and most abandoned to the vices which consumed her maturer strength. Strange, too, were the shiftings of the scene, and anomalous the characters performed by the actors in the solemn farce. Too often might the *laic* and the priest be seen exchanging their several parts,—the former vainly seeking

by a tardy asceticism to atone for the irregularities of his youth, or the crimes of a riper age; and the latter endeavouring, by free indulgence in the vices of the time, to compensate to himself for the privations imposed by his precocious and ilconsidered vows.

We cordially recommend our readers to view the whole picture as it is given in this volume, and shall conclude in the striking and judicious words of the author:—"The experience of these ages of superstition and gross immorality—even where the world had nominally received a system which united the highest philosophy with the purest devotion—ought to show us, that neither creeds nor catechisms, nor obedience to the dicta of the church, nor any of the other specifics for remedying the lack of vital Christianity in the world, will avail anything, while men's minds are uncultivated, and their intellects *bébêtes* from a want of proper employment. Let us, then, instead of sighing for the 'good old times,' from which we have here for a moment raised the veil and shown the ugly features which it conceals, seek to make *new times*; times wherein Christianity shall do all that it was intended to do for the world, but never has done as yet,—and the kingdoms of the earth shall become, as the prophet has told us they will—the kingdoms of God and of His Christ."

R. R.

*The Bible History of the Holy Land.* By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A. With numerous engravings. Second edition. London: C. Knight. 1850.

DR. KITTO was the editor of the *Pictorial Bible*, and his researches into the antiquities of the Holy Land, for the purpose of supplying the rich collection of illustrative notes with which that edition of the Scriptures is so plentifully enriched, induced him to undertake a complete history of the Bible, narrated in chronological order, and rendered doubly attractive by the introduction of the amplest descriptions of the geography, geology, natural history, and antiquities of the countries there introduced. This laborious work was diligently pursued and completed, and so popular was it that the first edition was soon exhausted. Mr. KNIGHT then resolved to produce another edition, in a cheap form, which might permit of so useful a book being possessed by a vastly enlarged circle of readers, and the volume before us is the result of the enterprise. The merits of the history are already established, and therefore it is unnecessary to say more about them. But we should state that this new edition is beautifully printed in a clear type on fine paper, and is profusely adorned with engravings on steel, and wood-cuts illustrative of the natural history and antiquities of the Holy Land, and it is sold at a price which only an immense circulation would justify, and which will enable every household to add to its Sunday Library one of the best books for Sunday reading which has been produced for many years.

#### EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*A Physical and Political School Geography.* By G. M. STERNE. London: Longman and Co.

We have precisely the same objection to prefer against this Geography, as against so many others which have been submitted to us by authors and publishers. It is too dry and too difficult for youth. It abounds in hard words, and technical terms; it has nothing in it descriptive or pictorial, to write itself upon the memory of the learner. It is little more than a catalogue of the towns, rivers, mountains, animals, and vegetables of the different countries of the earth. It may be learned by rote, and repeated, parrot-like, but it is impossible that the words can be associated with any *ideas*, in the pupil's mind. All school books of this class are so palpably worthless, and, if worthless, they are so noxious, that it is astonishing they should ever be written, still more so that any publisher should be found to undertake them, and more marvellous still, that any teacher should use them. THE CRITIC, at least, shall do its best to suppress them, and a great many of the schools throughout the country having honoured it by looking to its columns for advice and assistance in the choice of books, it may be our good fortune to be of some service in our generation towards the improvement of this important branch of literature. Hence, the particular attention which we have already given, and shall continue to devote, to Educational Literature.

*Outlines of Physical Geography.* By EDWARD HUGHES, F.R.G.S., with Eight Maps, compiled by WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S. London: Longman and Co.

THIS is the first attempt to provide instruction in physical geography, for the use of schools, and it is a successful one. Probably our readers are aware that this science, so long and strangely neglected, has lately received very great attention, and that a knowledge of it has been extensively diffused by means of several series of maps ingeniously constructed for its exhibition in Scotland and in Germany, which have been published during the last six years. But, perhaps, some may not understand what is precisely the meaning of the term physical geography. It is, in fact, a description of the earth in its relationship to the animal and vegetable life upon it. It traces the connexion between the locality and the inhabitants, and shows how soils and climates modify the forms of animal and vegetable life, and traces the laws which determine the phenomena of geography. The volume before us endeavours to teach geography in this rational and really useful manner, and thus to carry out the views of it entertained by Dr. ARNOLD, who, with the practical wisdom that characterised him, said of it, "Let me once understand the real geography of a country—its organic structure, if I may so call it: the form of its skeleton—that is, of its hills: the magnitude and course of its veins and arteries—that is, of its streams and rivers: let me conceive of it as a whole, made up of connected parts; and then the positions of man's dwellings, viewed in reference to these parts, becomes at once easily remembered, and lively and intelligible besides."

The execution of this design is materially assisted by the introduction of some map, constructed by Mr. WILLIAM HUGHES, to exhibit to the eye the relationship of geographical position to the physical phenomena of external nature, and we may with confidence recommend this work to every school as a new and valuable assistant in the teaching of science, as it is only useful, in its application to nature.

*A Manual of Explanatory Arithmetic, &c.* By EDWARD HUGHES. London: Longman, & Co.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to explain Arithmetic by words. Even when the rule is learned, and young persons can cipher well, it rarely happens that they know the reasons why the process produces the result. These Mr. HUGHES has endeavoured to teach, and more successfully than any former attempt we have ever seen. He further improves upon the old methods of teaching, by giving *practical* examples, and such as are likely to occur in life, and thus to make the sums *interesting* in themselves. We have been very much pleased with this new school book.

*Histoire de France, depuis les Gaules jusqu'au 1<sup>er</sup> Janvier, 1850; avec des notes pour la Traduction en Anglais.* Par A. R. de MONTAIGNE, et S. A. MAYEUR. Londres: Law, Fleet-street. 1850.

THIS history of France was originally published in that country, and adopted by the University for the use of superior elementary schools. The approval it has received has induced the authors to prepare an edition of it for the use of English schools, and English students of the French language, by subjoining notes to assist in the translation. The history is, necessarily, little more than an outline, for it is comprised in 134 pages; but it states, under each reign, the most remarkable events, with their dates, including a list of inventions and discoveries. At the end of the volume is a series of notes explanatory of the idioms and other difficulties found in the text.

#### SMALL BOOKS.

MR. SLATER has reprinted Miss SEDGEWICK's famous story of *Home* very appropriately in his *Home Library*.—A poem, entitled *Margaret*, has been sent by Mr. MASTERS. It is in ballad metre and manner, but wants the spirit necessary to make the ballad popular. It is very neatly got up.—*British Diplomacy in Greece*, by a Philallene, is a vigorous attack upon the policy pursued towards that country by our govern-

ment. The author is evidently one well acquainted with his subject, but of the justice of his strictures the reader must form his own judgment.—A pamphlet entitled, *A few Words addressed to the Agriculturists of England*, gives them very sensible advice at this moment. It was written before the late divisions had so emphatically pronounced the decision of both Houses of Parliament on the question, but he anticipated it, asserting his belief that "the subject of Protection will not again be seriously entertained by the English Legislature." Common-sense would say that—for right or wrong the thing is *done*: it is too late to go back; to retreat would be infinitely more perilous than to go on. There is not a statesman in England who would have the courage to try it. Such being the *actual* state of things, then, the admirable advice contained in this pamphlet cannot be too widely diffused.—An advocate for *Capital Punishment* has sent us a pamphlet containing two letters on the subject, in which he contends that it is *not opposed to the doctrines of Christianity*. It may be so, but that would not prove its expediency. That which creates in our minds the strongest doubt about it is, that we remember that precisely the same arguments were used, and precisely the same resistance made, by precisely the same school of politicians, and the same class of minds, to the *mitigation* of capital punishment. They were just as positive in favour of hanging for shop-lifting, as now in favour of hanging for murder. If their fears proved false and vain then, might they not do so now? At all events, what could be the harm of trying the experiment for a couple of years? If any evil be found to result it would be very easy to restore the punishment.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair, from a Widowed Wife.* Edited by CLARA L. BALFOUR. Eighth Edition. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THAT this Whisper has been eight times reprinted is the best proof that it has made itself audible, and recommended itself to the common sense of the world. And it is a sensible address to those who have just undertaken the most solemn of life's obligations, and whose weal or woe have been made almost dependent upon the conduct which they may chance to pursue to each other during the first three or four years of their union. It abounds in good practical advice; it supposes no impossible perfections; it suggests nothing which every husband and every wife might not adopt with ease. There is no *cant* about it. The spirit of the whole is charity and long-suffering, a little blindness to faults—great honour to virtues; to bear and forbear; to have each his and her duties; submission on the part of the wife; love on the part of the husband; no jealousies; no bickerings about trifles; no contests for supremacy; no sour looks; no harsh words; no taunts; no reproaches; passion permitted to cool; affection fanned by the services love knows how to render; implicit confidence, and mutual trust. All these and more are inculcated with an earnestness and eloquence that will persuade many whom the good sense of the arguments might not move.

#### JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

*Mesmerism in India. Second Half-yearly Report of the Calcutta Mesmeric Hospital with Remarks.* By Dr. ELLIOTSON. London: Baillière.

REPRINTED from *The Zist*, for a wider circulation, and the perusal of those whose prejudices would not permit them to read a periodical avowedly devoted to the investigation and promulgation of the phenomena of Mesmerism, this report of the doings of the Calcutta Hospital, established and supported by the Government, cannot but startle even those who have been most positive in denying the truth of that singular physiological mystery to which the name of Mesmerism has been given. Here the facts proceed from *authority*, and can neither be denied nor explained away. Here is a narrative of not one or two, or ten, or fifty, or a hundred, but of *hundreds* of cases of cures wrought, and painless operations of every kind and degree, performed upon all ranks and ages, and both sexes, by means of much-abused Mesmerism: and this, not in a private dwelling, but in a Government Hospital, under Government in-



spection. It remains to be seen what the opponents and vilifiers of this branch of physiology will say to these facts. Will they admit that they have erred; or will they be silent; or will they impugn them, or, if they cannot do that, how will they lift up their heads again? We shall be curious to see what reception they give to this official report.

*The Celestial Telegraph: or, the Secrets of the Life to Come, &c.* By L. ALPH. CAHAGNET. London: Pierce.

ALTHOUGH put forth as the product of Mesmerism, we must, on behalf of scientific Mesmerism, repudiate altogether this production, as being in any manner connected with science. The explanation of it is sufficiently easy, without terming it altogether an imposture. It is precisely similar to the case of DAVIS of America, whose revelations we reviewed some two or three years since. The patients are, probably, truly mesmeric patients, and really thrown into the mesmeric sleep. But, as every person knows well who has watched the condition of the patient's mind in this state, the imagination is exceedingly active, and the slightest suggestion of a topic is sufficient to set fancy going, and to produce the most brilliant and wild ideas, which are so vivid, that they appear to the patients to be realities. If the mind has been previously, in its waking state, much employed in any fanciful theme, that will be the most ready direction of the train of ideas in the mesmeric state. Now, in DAVIS's case, and in those described in this volume, it is plain that the patients had been pretty well imbued with Swedenborgianism, previously to the mesmeric sleep, and, therefore, in their sleep, they carry on the Swedenborgian train of ideas, and dream the things and dialogues they describe, and which, with some embellishments doubtless, are reported in this volume, which, nevertheless, is strange and curious, but calculated to do much harm, with the unthinking, to the credit of Mesmerism. But, like Chemistry in the hands of the Alchemists, Mesmerism is not, in itself, the less useful or true, because it is perverted by fanatics or impostors. Therefore, we at once, on behalf of the Science of Mesmerism, hasten to enter a protest against this volume, as being in no way entitled to claim alliance with it.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNAL.

*Pourquoi la Révolution d'Angleterre a-t-elle réussi? Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.* Par M. Guizot. Paris: Victor Masson. 1853. *On the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution of 1640—1688.* By M. Guizot. Murray.

THE career, which it has been M. Guizot's fortune to pursue, is marked with so many varieties of success and failure, and has been cast, during a period of such wonderful and continued changes in the history of nations and governments, that the opinions of such a man, whether formed by his researches as an historian, or by his practical experience as a statesman and minister, must be always particularly deserving of attention and study. The subject that M. Guizot has chosen for the discourse which he has addressed to his own countrymen and to ourselves, involves questions of such moment, that their importance cannot be too highly estimated, for the experiment which France is now making, again places at issue the merits of Constitutional and Democratic power, of Monarchical and Republican Government.

In addressing England, M. Guizot recalls to mind the sound good sense, the caution, the unity of purpose which enabled our ancestors, at the cries of peril, to forget their most deep-rooted animosities and bitterest dissensions, whether political or religious, and to combine to save the country from utter wreck and perdition. The struggle with them, was to uphold their institutions, to defend them from aggression; and it was the fear of

change rather than the desire for it, which occasioned the English Revolution. To France, M. Guizot speaks in a voice of warning and rebuke, and endeavours to inculcate an instructive lesson from the example which this country affords. In alluding to the trials undergone by England during years of dissensions, civil war, and the crowning Revolution of 1688, M. Guizot says: "A people who can understand and act upon the counsels which God has given it in the past events of its history, is safe in the most dangerous crisis of its fate. England had learned from her former trials, that a Revolution is an immense and incalculable disorder, which entails on society great evils, great perils, and great crimes; a disorder which a rational people may be compelled to undergo, but which they will dread and repel until it is forced upon them by an imperious necessity. In her new trials, England did not forget this lesson. She endured much, she struggled long, to avoid another revolution; nor did she resign herself to it till she saw no other way of saving her rights, her honour, and her faith. It is the glory of the Revolution of 1688, and the main cause of its success, that it was an act of mere defence, and of necessary defence. Whilst this revolution was defensive in principle, it aimed at precise and limited objects. In great political and special convulsions, a fever of boundless and impious ambition sometimes seizes upon society; men think themselves entitled to lay hands upon everything, and to remodel the world at their will. These vague and presumptuous schemes of human creatures, treating the great and complex system in which their place is marked out, as if it were a chaos, and striving to exalt themselves into creators, are as impotent as they are insane; the utmost that they can do is, to throw all that they touch into the confusion of their own delirious dreams. England did not fall into this wild error. Instead of aspiring to alter the foundations of society, and the destinies of mankind, she asserted and maintained her religion and her positive laws and rights; and did not carry her claims, or even her desires beyond the limits which they prescribed. With a singular mixture of magnanimity and discretion, she accomplished a revolution which gave to the country a new head and new guarantees, but which stopped short with the attainment of those objects. . . . Nor was the merit, nor the burthen of the Revolution limited to either of the great parties which had so long been opposed in opinion. They brought it about in concert, and by mutual concessions. It was imposed on both by a common necessity, and was not, to either, a victory or a defeat. Though watching its approach with widely different sentiments, both saw it to be inevitable, and shared in its accomplishment." The qualities which M. Guizot attributes to the nation at the period in question, were not, however, the result of any peculiar traits of national character, although the existence and the presence of a Parliament, while affording a guarantee for their liberties, had implanted in the English a love of order and a regard for the Constitution, which had secured to all grades a common inheritance of freedom, and which they now saw attacked, but it was in defence of a higher cause, one which came home to every heart, in spite of the divisions in the Church, and the violence of its different sects, that all parties rallied round its standard. It was in the name of religion and liberty of conscience, as well as of political liberty, that England entered upon

her revolution. "The revolution which took place in Germany, in the sixteenth century, was religious, and not political; that in France, in the eighteenth, was political and not religious. It was the peculiar felicity of England in the seventeenth century, that the spirit of religious faith, and the spirit of political liberty, reigned together, and that she entered upon the two revolutions at the same time. All the great passions of the human soul were thus excited and brought in action, while some of the most powerful restraints by which they are controlled, remained unbroken, and the hopes and aspirations of eternity remained to console and tranquillize those whose earthly hopes and ambitions had suffered shipwreck."

It would carry us far beyond our limits to follow M. Guizot through this most instructive discourse, or to attempt to give extracts from his clear and masterly review of the events which led to the fall of CHARLES I. to the elevation of CROMWELL, to the Restoration, to the dethronement of JAMES, and the accession of WILLIAM and MARY, events which have been fully dealt with by our own historians and philosophers. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few extracts from the author's estimate of the characters of the most important individuals of the period.

#### CHARLES I.

Charles the First, full of haughty pretensions, though devoid of elevated ambition, and moved rather by the desire of not derogating in the eyes the kings, his peers, than by that of ruling with a strong hand over his people, twice attempted to introduce into the country the maxims and the practice of absolute monarchy: the first time, in presence of Parliament, at the instigation of a vain and frivolous favourite, whose presumptuous incapacity shocked the good sense and wounded the self-respect of the humblest citizen: the second time, by dispensing with Parliament altogether, and ruling alone by the hand of a minister, able and energetic, ambitious and imperious, though not without greatness of mind, devoted to his master, by whom he was imperfectly understood and ill supported, and aware too late that kings are not to be saved solely by incurring ruin, however nobly, in their service. . . . Within the Parliament, the conflict was severe, but short. The monarchical party tried to array itself around the king, and to govern in his name. These first essays at constitutional government failed ere they had well begun; they failed through the faults of the king, who was inconsistent, frivolously obstinate, and as insincere with his counsellors as with his enemies; through the inexperience of those counsellors, alternately too exclusive and too yielding, and constantly thwarted or betrayed in the palace, as well as in the Parliament; and finally, through the distrust and the pretensions of the revolutionary party, determined not to yield or rest till the absolute power, which they sought to overthrow, should have passed into their own hands.

#### CROMWELL.

Cromwell was remarkable for the extent and force of his natural talents. His mind was wonderfully inventive, supple, prompt, firm, and perspicacious, and he possessed a vigour of character which no obstacle could daunt, and no conflict weary. He pursued his designs with an ardour as exhaustless as his patience, through the slowest and most tortuous, or the most abrupt and daring ways. He excelled equally in winning and in ruling men by personal and familiar intercourse; he displayed equal ability in leading an army or a party. He had the instinct of popularity and the gift of authority, and he let loose factions with as much audacity as he subdued them. But, born in the midst of a revolution, and raised to sovereign power by a succession of violent convulsions, his genius, from first to last, was essentially revolutionary; and even when taught by experience the necessity of order and government, he was incapable of either respecting or practising the immutable moral laws which are the only basis of government.



Owing to the faults of his nature, or the instability of his position, he wanted regularity and calmness in the exercise of power; had instant recourse to extreme measures, like a man pursued by the dread of mortal dangers, and, by the violence of his remedies, perpetuated or even aggravated the evils which he sought to cure. The establishment of a government is a work which requires a more regular course, and one more conformable to the eternal laws of moral order. Cromwell was able to subjugate the revolution which he had so largely contributed to make, but not to build up a government in the place of that which he had subverted. He was supple in appearance, but at bottom inflexible in his ambitious purposes; frank even to audacity when he wanted to carry men along with him; shamelessly hypocritical and deceitful when he wished to conceal his intentions.

## CHARLES II.

In regard to politics, Charles the Second had too much good sense and too much indifference to use any earnest endeavours to obtain absolute power. He cared for nothing but his pleasure, loved power only as a means of enjoyment, and willingly consented to concessions and compromises in order to ward off the risk of extreme struggles, or spare himself the annoyance of them. But in his inmost heart absolute monarchy was the only form of government which suited his taste or commanded his respect. . . . In religion, Charles was at once sceptical and Catholic; believing in nothing, and as corrupt in mind as in manners. . . . Thus, though his conduct was not that of an absolute and Catholic king, Charles was in his heart an absolutist and a Catholic; his sympathies were with the sovereigns of the continent, and not with the faith and the policy of his own nation.

## JAMES II.

James the Second was a Catholic and an absolutist at heart, and his conduct was consistent with his conviction. He was also blindly enterprising, and persisted in his enterprises with all the obstinacy of a narrow and sterile mind, and the hardness of a cold and arid heart.

## WILLIAM III.

William was an ambitious prince. It is puerile to believe that, up to the moment of the appeal sent to him from London in 1688, he had been insensible to the desire of mounting the throne of England, or ignorant of the schemes which had long been laid for raising him to it. William followed the progress of these schemes step by step; though he took no part in the means, he did not reject the end; and, without directly encouraging, he protected its authors. His ambition was ennobled by the greatness and justness of the cause to which it was attached; the cause of religious liberty and of the balance of power in Europe. Never did man make a vast political design more exclusively the thought and purpose of his life than William did. The work which he accomplished on the field or in the cabinet was his passion; his own aggrandizement was but the means to that end. Whatever were his views on the crown of England, he never attempted to realize them by violence and disorder. To his well-regulated and lofty mind the inherent vice and degrading consequences of such means were obvious and revolting. But when the career was opened to him by England herself, he did not suffer himself to be deterred from entering on it by the scruples of a private man; he wished his cause to prevail, and he wished to reap the honour of the triumph. Rare and glorious mixture of worldly ability and Christian faith, of personal ambition and devotion to public ends.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Eclectic Review*, for February, treats of the recent events in Borneo, and condemns the "slaughterings" of which Rajah BROOKE is the author, and which our government defends and approves. PROUDHON'S "Confessions" are reviewed at length, and less disparagingly than we were prepared to expect. The writer admits that PROUDHON is "the most subtle reasoner, and most adept metaphysician in France;" and a very instructive compilation does this glance at his anarchical book make. "Gillilan's Literary Portraits" are analysed. The writer is a great admirer of Gillilan. The

remaining articles are "Davidson's Introduction to the New Testament;" "Juvenile Depravity;" and "Houston on Death Punishments." A summary of the "Events of the Month" is added, and a very liberal and lively picture of current history it is.

*The Anglo-Saxon*, for February. "The Anglo-Saxon Map, in Hemispheres" prefaces the number. On this map the whole of our possessions are deeply coloured so that the extent of British sway is seen at a glance. In "Schemes and Models" a thoughtful writer travels over a very wide field of discussion. He does not find much likelihood of great national benefit accruing from the various plans and schemes that individuals have suggested for the moral and physical improvement of the country. The authors of these, he says, "base their system on false definitions of happiness and its elements, and place personal duty, family relations, civil obligations, and public policy on false foundations." "English Music;" "English Maidens and American Cousins;" "The Colonies of the Anglo-Saxons;" "Ahasuerus," and a notice of Mr SMEE'S *Electro-Biology*, are also given. There is also an original song ("The British Sailor") set to music.

*The Gentleman's Magazine*, for February. In an address from the editor it is stated, that the magazine will in future confine itself almost wholly to what have hitherto been its most attractive features—History, Biography, Archaeology, and the Obituary. Compression has been adopted, so that more room will be obtained. The number before us is an evidence that the editor has been right in concentrating his force to his own exclusive path. Upwards of fifty contributions appear. Among them are "Sir Philip Sydney and American Discoveries;" "Campbell's Lives of the Justices;" "The Present State of Architectural Literature;" "Windsor Castle in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth;" with an illustration, and "Worsae's Primeval Antiquities of Denmark," with wood-cuts.

*The Dublin University Magazine* follows up its remarks in regard to the Colonies by a paper on Canada. The writer strongly enforces the necessity of a more liberal mode of governing the Canadas. Hitherto, he asserts, we have made controul burdensome to the people—in future, we should "not let them feel that they are wronged by the connexion." "A few more Random Records of a Ramble in the East," have much amusing anecdote and many bits of novel information. "The Life Insurance" is a strange tale, or rather episode. An over-speculative Dublin merchant who had insured his life, resolves to re-establish the fortune of his family by "dying," and thus enable them to get the amount of the policy of insurance. He also resolves to escape from his coffin, and, unknown to his family, escape to the Colonies, and there live a new and more innocent life. All this he manages very well; and the pictures of the family endeavours "to keep up appearances" in Dublin, and of the reformed man's success in keeping them down in the Backwoods, exhibit much skill in treating of sublimary affairs. The hero's morality when he excuses the cheat upon the insurance office is amusing. "Irish Tourists," a paper upon "Rome, Ancient and Modern" and one "On the Links connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific," are worth reading; and there are several other contributions.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* has a bit of truly national literature in "Hyperborea." The author aims at enlightening us on the matters of historical interest, with which the Orkney and Zetland Isles abound. "British Policy in the Indian Archipelago" is a contribution by the same pen as furnished *Tait* with the striking articles on the Colonies. "Winter Pictures from the North of Europe," and the "Ulster Tale" are continued, and there is a capital account of the "Sculptures of Modern Athens,"—but it is not very flattering.

*Eliza Cook's Journal* continues to imitate Chambers—but the authoress's coadjutors are below the standard maintained by her Northern contemporary.

*The People's and Howitt's Journal*. There is a tolerably good wood-cut of "Kossuth" but the letterpress sketch is meagre for such a subject. But generally the matter is of a very good order—and a vast mass of it there is.

*Sharpe's London Magazine* has more of the magazine about it than any of the cheap monthlies. The articles and tales are longer but fewer.

*Frank Fairleigh*. Part 14.

*The British Gazetteer*, Part 10, runs from "Coo" to "Dea," and there is a good engraving of the Liverpool Custom House, besides maps.

*The Vegetarian Messenger*, Part 1. (Office, 15 Piccadilly.) "advocates total abstinence from the food of animals, and the adoption of vegetarian habits of diet." There is a great deal of matter tending to elucidate the peculiar doctrines of the Editor. Statistics and essay are alike made subservient, and the opinions expressed incidentally by eminent members of the faculty in their published works, are collated with care. The magazine is well conducted.

*The Looker-on*. No. 2 contains nothing to induce us to believe it will have extensive support.

*The Family Friend*, Vol. I., is a very neatly bound volume, containing a vast quantity of amusing and useful information for the family circle, with engravings in steel, and wood-cuts illustrative of ladies' work.

*The Domestic Economist*, No. 1, for January, is a new and useful periodical, edited by Mr. JOHNSON, the editor of the "Cottage Gardener," and designed to collect and convey every kind of information useful in the family establishment. The subjects treated of in this number, are such as "Our Work Table;" "Hints to Young Housekeepers;" "Choice of a Home;" "Domestic Medicine;" "Sanitary Instructions;" "Household Furniture and Decorations," and such like.

*The National Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge*, Part 37, progresses rapidly towards its conclusion. The present number ends with the word "Recovery." It has been so often commended here that it is scarcely necessary to repeat our approval of it.

*Miss Martineau's History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, Part 12, completes the work, of which we shall have more to say in a review of the entire volume.

*France and its Revolutions*, Part 20, by Geo. LONG, Esq., is also now completed. It is a valuable history of Modern France, but a little too much hurried towards the conclusion, in order, perhaps, to get it within the prescribed space.

*The Cottage Gardener*, for January, proceeds prosperously, and contains every kind of information that could be useful to the cultivators of gardens, however small.

*The Land we Live In*. Part 30, is devoted to the Staffordshire Potteries. It is as copiously and beautifully embellished and interesting to read as its predecessors of the series, and everybody must be familiar now with their attractions. These are not less.

*The Family Herald*, for January, contains the same well selected variety of Romance, and Essay, and Prose, and Poetry.

## MUSIC.

*Take Thou this Flower*. Ballad. By EDWARD PERRY. London: George.

A PRETTY little ballad, with more of originality in it than is usual with such compositions.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

THE London Sacred Harmonic Society have announced Handel's Oratorio, "Deborah," for performance at their Exeter Hall Concert, on Monday evening next. Recollecting the many rich treats Mr. Surnam has afforded us, we feel pleasure in recommending this announcement to our readers' notice. The band is a very effective one, and among the vocalists who will help on that occasion are the names of several favourite performers.—St. Martin's Hall was opened on Monday last, when the concert under Mr. Hullah's direction was given.—The dates of the Philharmonic Concerts are as follows:—March 4th and 18th; April 8th and 22nd; May 6th and 20th; June 3rd and 17th.—Half a hundred representations of "Le Prophète" do not seem to have blunted Parisian appetite—the opera being now established as a greater favourite even than "Les Huguenots,"—Mr. Lumley has obtained from the French Government permission to give concerts *costumés* in the Conservatoire de Musique. They are to commence very shortly, and Madame Sontag, who is now in Paris, is to take part in them.—Mr. Lumley has committed the much-talked-of *libretto*, written for Her Majesty's Theatre by M. Scribe, on the subject of Shakespeare's "Tempest" to be set to music by M. Halévy!

## ART.

## Portrait of the Queen Dowager. HOGARTH.

MR. HOGARTH has produced this very beautiful engraving purposely to gratify the wish felt by large classes of the community, descending, on this occasion, far below those who usually feel any great concern about royalty, to enshrine in their homes the memory of one whose character as a Woman eclipsed her glory as a Queen. As, to such numerous classes of her admirers, price was an important consideration, in reliance upon remuneration by an extensive sale, Mr. HOGARTH has published the large and highly-finished engraving upon our table, with the memorable "dying wishes," printed in gold letter, and a *fac-simile* of the handwriting of her Majesty, at a price which will enable humble dwellings to adorn their rooms with it, and so to preserve before their eyes a continual memento and example of the Christian virtues, which the lowest may emulate, while the highest are exalted by them.

The Art Journal for February. This number of *The Art Journal*, is richly embellished with three superb steel engravings, two of them from the Vernon Gallery, namely, COLLINS'S "Woodland Gate," the very embodiment of an English coppice, and English rustic life; and Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S "Age of Innocence," which is not so much to our taste; and an engraving, by ROFFE, of POWELL'S celebrated statue of *The Greek Slave*. The woodcuts which embellish the text are as numerous as usual, and as beautiful; they illustrate "Passages from the Poets," "Original Designs for Manufactures," "A Dictionary of Terms of Art," and Mrs. S. C. HALL'S "Pilgrimages to English Shrines." There are many other papers on Art in this Queen of the Monthlies.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

On Saturday, the 2nd inst., the Exhibition of the British Institution opened for the private view, and on Monday to the public. Of its general character little can be said that has not been many times repeated in former years, of this and similar collections. It is scarcely necessary to state, that Landscape predominates over every other class of composition, or that a search for *Gleaners, Girls at the Well, and Musidoras*, will be not in vain; that the fact must in the nature of things be so, has become stereotyped to the minds of all. We regret to be compelled to add, that this year there is hardly a single attempt in Historic Art, or in subjects of passionate or dramatic representation but what reveals ludicrous incompetency. Yet the Exhibition is of fair average merit, and contains a few works, chiefly landscape, of a very high character. Of these are the poetical works of DANBY and ANTHONY, the *Eufrons of an Ancient Garden* by Mr. BRANWHITE, and his *Frozen Lock*,—a very masterpiece of wintry fact; and Mr. T. DANBY'S two paintings,—both specimens of that perfect rendering of the outward truth which involves the inner sentiment of beauty. Messrs. JONES, SIDNEY COOPER, CRESWICK, FROST, and REDGRAVE, with Mr. DANBY, *senr.*, represent the Royal Academy.

No. 1, *A Group on a Common*; No. 88, *A Group in the Meadows*, are immediately recognizable as the works of Mr. COOPER. In the latter, horned cattle are the subject, and in the former, a donkey and some sheep; here the tone of colour is, perhaps, a little too faint. There is also of this artist, *Watering Cattle, Sunset* (430.)

Not less well known is the style of Mr. J. F. HERRING, who also sends three compositions. The largest of these, *A Farm-yard* (3), is the usual assemblage of horses, pigs, poultry, &c., with their due complement of straw. Some green fir trees serve to fill up the back ground, and stands for the overgrowth on the old roofs. Of his other two, *Study of Kids* (22), and *Domestic Ducks* (81), we prefer the kids, which are, besides, presented in an aspect not so entirely used up by him.

Mr. ANSDALL'S *Animals* exhibit a marked contrast with Mr. HERRING'S. In *The Regretted Companion* (40), (An old Toy-seller shedding tears for the death of his ass, and refusing to be comforted by his dog,) the texture of the dead animal's hide has something of wiriness. The human agent is an old acquaintance; we can remember him filling the office of stable or

kennel-keeper, and doctoring a bound's foot; since then his hands have dwindled out of all proportion. Of No. 123, *Southdowns*, the animals by Mr. ANSDALL, and the landscape portion by Mr. CRESWICK, we can speak in terms of unqualified praise. The ridges of close-shorn wool are almost deceptive in precision, the atmosphere clear and bright, the quiet windings of shallow water reflect a blue sky, and the whole picture is finished and beautiful.

Before passing from this class of subjects, something must be said of Mr. J. WOLF'S two little works, *Partridges* (11), and *Goldfinches* (152), or rather of the way in which they are hung, since that is the only point we are, properly speaking, in a position to judge of. That the pictures are true works of art, minutely studied from nature, we cannot doubt, bearing in mind his *Woodcocks taking Shelter*, in last year's Academy Exhibition; indeed, though hung close to the ceiling, the quality of truth in the *Goldfinches* remains unmistakable: they are like goldfinches perched very high up.

The largest canvass in the rooms is No. 16, *Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, dictating to John Milton, his Latin Secretary, the celebrated Despatch in favour of the persecuted Protestants of the Valleys of Piedmont*. The rest of Mr. NEWENHAM'S title, and his quotation from the Latin secretary's sonnet, *Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints*, we omit. If great names and life-sized figures constitute a historical picture of the grand style, here is one; but this is a criterion that will not satisfy all. Cromwell stands holding out one hand, Milton sits with a pen in his. We can scarcely give any description of the painting beyond this, except that Milton wears a wig of pluff; that the foreground is (of course,) occupied by an iron-bound box containing papers, by a book or two, and Cromwell's hat and gloves; and that there is not such a thing as an outline within the limits of these 9 feet by 11 feet 10. Since Mr. NEWENHAM painted this picture, there are two more, *Slaughtered Saints to be avenged*; and a third, it may be, in the person of Mr. LACY, whose fine work of last year, *Cromwell and his Daughter*, has, we suspect, been the means of engraving in some sort, an idea upon a stock certainly intended for no such fruit, and of suggesting a vain emulation, ever in style. The same persons figure again on these walls, in *Milton reading to Cromwell the Defensio Regis of Salmasius* (No. 443), by Mr. H. MURRAY,—a work less obtrusive in size, and by so much less offensive, than Mr. NEWENHAM'S. The figure not intended for Milton is (we speak on the faith of the catalogue) intended for Cromwell.

Mr. T. BROOKS sends a head of an idiot girl (No. 17), entitled *The Highland Gleaner*.

*Astronomy* (No. 30), by Mr. SAINT, is a half-length figure of a lady, bracketed and tiarad, studying the stars. Much skill is displayed in the rendering of an evening effect, combined with the preservation of great vividness of colour. The uniformity of the half-tint in the cheek and throat is very delicate. This artist's other work, *The Rivals* (No. 149), we must leave to the criticism of others: to our own mind, the conception of the subject—two male infants contending for the love of a female baby—suffices to render nugatory any merit, as it would render superfluous any demerit, of execution.

Mr. F. GOODALL'S only picture, *The Post Office* (No. 52), represents a knot of country gossips reading the news of a victory in India. The barber reads, the "boots" and others listen: a third head looking over from between their shoulders is the best in the work. There are also a woman seated, crying over a letter fallen to the ground, a girl reading to an old pensioner, a strawberry-cream-coloured faced child playing with a black puppy, and one or two other incidents. The picture is a fair specimen of *Knack*,—knack at expression, at grouping, at incident, at colouring, at accessory. Provided it sells, what needs more?

Mr. JOHN GILBERT exhibits three examples of his skill. No. 64, *The Plays of Shakspeare*, a kind of *tableau vivant* of the characters of SHAKSPEARE'S dramas, would, if enlarged to adequate dimensions, make a gorgeous drop-scene for a theatre. It is very pretty; in parts—where idea is not more necessary than arrangement—very graceful. Thus, the majority of the female figures please, while deficiency is felt in *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, and *Falstaff*; in *Iago*, who looks like a ruffianly

coal-heaver, and in *King Lear*, and *Mad Tom*, where the aspect of real and of feigned madness is invested. Among the better successes in character are *Caliban*, *King John*, and *Lance's Dog*. *A Troop of Dragoons* (No. 142), we think Mr. GILBERT'S best work; this no one could have done more completely. *Aladdin's Present to the Sultan* (No. 203), is a study of colour. After several years' experience of Mr. GILBERT, in the Exhibitions, he certainly appears to show but seldom, in painting, those truly high qualities of art which may not unfrequently be found in his woodcut designs.

There is less of marked character in Mr. MOGFORD'S small picture, *Periwinkle Gatherers and Shrimpers* (No. 76), than we should have expected from his works in former years. Yet it may be that, owing to its disadvantageous position, we do not see all that it contains. The general look of sea-side sharpness is satisfactory.

Some astonishment will be excited by the appearance of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S name in the catalogue, as the artist of *Sancho's surprise on seeing the Squire of Wood's nose* (No. 100), and of *Disturbing the Congregation* (No. 445). There is a queer, dried-up look about the former, and the story is laughably told. In the second, where a boy's top is the occasion of disturbance to the congregation, and holy horror to the beadle, there is much clever expression; but, as ugliness to a disagreeable degree is what first strikes the eye, this sketch is liable to be passed over, failing knowledge of its authorship.

Another of our popular illustrators, Mr. HABLOT K. BROWNE, appears here also, but with most decided ill-success, in *Romps* (No. 29), and *Bo-peep* (No. 155), productions possessing no quality beyond absolute flimsiness.

No. 129, *Sympathy*, FRANK STONE. Whether the sympathy of the gazer with the painter, or of the painter with his subject, or, indeed, of the young lady in faded yellow with the young lady in washed-out red, or *vice versa*, be the sympathy here symbolized there is no precise clue to determine. But a conjecture may be hazarded that the distress of the fair ones is occasioned by a "distress" for rent; since, under no other circumstances, could we expect to meet with a blue satin sofa in a place which, from its utter nakedness, can be intended for no part of a modern dwelling-house except the passage leading to the street. These premises, however, are merely, as we have said, conjectural—knocked up at random on the appearance of the premises represented. All we can know for certain from the picture is, that on some occasion or other, somewhere, a mild young lady threw her arms (with as much of *abandon* as a lay-figure may permit itself,) round another sorrowful but very mild young lady; that the faces of these young ladies were made of wax, their hair of Berlin wool, and their hands of scented soap. There is one other piece of knowledge distinctly communicated, viz., that such pictures as this will not sustain Mr. STONE'S reputation.

Mr. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON'S *Novice* (No. 135) is as insipid as any subject will admit of being. *The Lady*, a single figure, is supposed (according to Mr. WALTER MARSHALL'S M.S. interpretation) to be saying, "This vestal cloak shall fold my fading bloom," &c., while she takes the bracelet from her arm. The expression and action would do equally well for a "Lover's Quarrel": there is quite as much in them of a coquetish sulkiness as of "love despaired, of peace destroyed, and of a heart quite broken;" indeed, they might indicate anything,—and do indicate nothing. Mr. JOHNSTON seems to sink every year more and more surely into a mere ready off-hand workman, showy and guiltless of intention. His other contribution (No. 484), *A Love Passage from a Scottish Old Song*, is a trifle better; but here again the woman's expression is quite as much that of repulsion as of love. A dog introduced into the picture seems not by the same hand.

Mr. FROST'S single specimen is a *Musidora* (No. 143),—a figure which he has given us so often under other names and in other attitudes, as to need no fresh commendations for its delicacy and skill. But we confess that, since the ETTY Exhibition, we have been disposed to look with less of confidence upon Mr. FROST, having there become acquainted, as it appeared to us, with certain secrets touching that gentleman's sources and resources.

No. 205, *Lance reproving his Dog*, is stated to have been left unfinished by the late Sir A. W. CALCOTT, and finished by Mr. CALCOTT HORSELEY. It is painted



in a subdued tone of colour, and is free from exaggeration. The most noticeable point in the work is that the dog appears as if blind of one eye.

We cannot speak favourably of Mr. DICKSEE's *Lady Macbeth* (No. 279.) Nothing short of genius will qualify an artist to undertake such a subject. Here we have the staring dilated eyes; but the thought which keeps them open in sleep does not speak through them. Mr. DICKSEE's most successful works have been life-sized portraits, in which there are very few who can even rival him.

Of all the pictures in the Exhibition, none calls for stronger animadversion than Sir GEORGE HAYTER's, *Our Saviour after the Temptation* (No. 290.) It is not easy to select particular points for blame, where all is equally barren. Perhaps the floundering angel in variegated wings is the worst; but of this we will not be certain. There are *two* vanquished Devils, one blackened in a retreating cloud; another in the form of a serpent slinking off the rock. A somewhat similar inconsistency is shown in No. 55, *Cupid and Psyche*, by Mr. A. JEROME,—an attempt which might be passed over in silence, were the want of reflection which it exhibits confined to Mr. JEROME. Here Psyche is a young woman, while her bridegroom is almost an infant,—an union not less absurd than disgusting.

The tea-board smoothness of No. 311, *Myrrha*, proclaims it to be the production of Mr. H. O'NEIL. It is, like all his works, painted to a high point of mechanical neatness; but destitute of that real finish, the result of careful observation. The head, allowing for a slight obliqueness in the mouth, is what is called beautiful, but is neither impressive nor above mediocrity in sentiment.

Another picture, in which the defect of rapid uniformity of surface is still more apparent, is that entitled *Detaining a Customer* (No. 258), Mr. MCINNES, on whose demerits, however, we are loth to dwell, in consideration of the well-meaning care manifested throughout.

No. 317, *The Departure of the Chevalier Bayard from Brescia*, "As he quitted his chamber to take horse, the two fair damsels met him, each bearing a little offering which she had worked during his sickness." J. C. HOOK. The general arrangement of colour in this picture is very brilliant and delightful, and its first aspect will be highly satisfactory; as, indeed, it could scarcely fail to be when the work of a very accomplished young artist, as Mr. HOOK incontestably is, is surrounded by the incompetence which predominates among the figure-pieces here. But we question whether it would not be wise to carry away the first impression of pleasure, without endangering it by any stricter examination. There is a flimsy holiday-look about the picture, when considered, at variance not only with the simplicity of the subject, but also with truth to nature. One figure, however,—that of the foremost lady—is of exquisite grace and beauty; the head and bosom perfectly charming. As for the good Bayard himself, we suspect that, could he have had any preknowledge of the carpet-knight (with something, too, of the dashing outlaw) Mr. HOOK was to make of him, he would not at that moment have been altogether *sans peur*; and that, could he now look at the picture and speak his mind of it, the artist would not find him to be, in an active sense, *sans reproche*. The present work, though not of the same dimensions, may be considered, in subject, as a companion to one which Mr. HOOK had last year at the Royal Academy.

Mr. SELOUS exhibits *Gutenberg showing to his Wife his first experiment in Printing from moveable Types* (No. 388.) Some perception of the subject is evidenced in the incident of the wife's being occupied in the illumination of a manuscript; but there is little to praise in the picture as a whole. It is very common in execution: the lady, besides, is not unnecessarily plain, and one of her hands quite corpse-like. There is a landscape here by the same artist, *The Falls of Loupen, Switzerland* (No. 39), his first public essay, we think, in that branch of art; nor is the result such as to warrant repetition.

A large picture by Mr. JOY, *The Interview between James IV. and the Outlaw, Murray* (No. 425), is a mere assemblage of men in armour, deficient in all the higher requisites for such a subject. His *Minna Troil* (No. 134), apparently a portrait in character—cannot lay claim to much subtlety of delineation.

Mr. J. DRUMMOND's *Good Knight* (No. 458), is divided into two compartments. In the first, where the knight is represented with his family on the castle-ramparts, there is one figure—that of a girl reading—very chastely and engagingly done. The second shows the knight defending himself against siege, and deserves praise for attention to costume and general carefulness of treatment.

Of Mr. J. Z. BELL's *Scene from "All's Well that ends Well"* (No. 463),—HELENA reading her husband's letter—proper means are not afforded for forming a definite opinion. As far as we can judge, at the height it is hung at, the picture, though possessing little individual sentiment, is not wanting in collective appropriateness.

Among the class of imitators, there are perhaps none more emaculate than those whom Mr. EASTLAKE has called into being. Himself not depending chiefly for his great claims to respect as an artist, on those qualities which are the result of native impulse, this gentleman has had the misfortune to draw after him many who, lacking altogether (and unconsciously) where he is consciously least strong, lack also that knowledge in art and wisdom in judgment which have resulted, with him, in the fitness and sufficiency for which his best works are pre-eminent. These spiritless copies appear and reappear annually, with almost imperceptible shades of difference, on the walls of our exhibitions. In the present one we are surprised at remarking only three:—No. 360, *The Hour Glass*, by Mr. LE JEUNE, which is at the same time worse and less decidedly Eastlaken from its very "utterness of ill," than other productions of his in former years; and No. 406, *Blind Bartimeus restored to Sight*, by Mr. W. J. GRANT, where patience and endeavour are positively made aggravating by the entire absence of either feeling or delicacy,—of the faculty for observation as of the power of execution. The third of the works indicated, Mr. H. W. PHILLIPS's *Pilgrim* (No. 107), is, however, of a greatly higher stamp, and might be regarded as of good promise, were it not so decidedly modelled on previous examples.

Three little *Studies*, by Mr. C. WILSON (No. 7, 85, 91) naturally treated; Mr. WOOLMER's *Sirens* (No. 161), in which something of poetical elevation appears; Mr. COMPTON's *Prayer of Innocence* (No. 27); Mr. BROCKY's *Dutch Madonna* (179); Mr. TSCHAGGENY's *Desert Steed* (214); a small *Head of an old Watchman* (257), by Mr. FRANK WILLIAMS,—almost out of sight; a very promising sketch by Mr. H. DAWSON, *Studying Navigation* (No. 260); two of Mr. G. HARDY's charming *Cottage Interiors* (Nos. 333 & 466), the latter with a flooring not tiled; and two characteristic, but sketchy pictures, by Mr. W. UNDERHILL, *Poachers* (No. 407), and *Autumn* (No. 448); are entitled, in their several degrees, to a share of commendation.

In winding up our review of the pictures, it should be stated that there are a few which, though they might not call for notice in an exhibition richer in this department, should perhaps be mentioned here. Such are the pictures of Messrs. GLASS (No. 89), GOODWIN (No. 382), HARWOOD (No. 450), HOWES (No. 408), and DERBY, (No. 456.) In all these there are more or less of good intention, and we should be sorry to see the works of these young men—for we speak of them as supposing them all young)—claimed by the commissioners of paying for a certain sultry district,—as, however, they assuredly will be, unless their authors bring much more of conscience and of self-concentration to the subjects they may attempt for the future.

It only remains to point out some canvasses which have been spoiled for all future purposes of use or ornament. Of these are Mr. FISHER's two (No. 2 and 156), to the latter of which he has presumed to quote TENNYSON. Mr. FRANKLIN's *Covenant of Judas* (No. 92), where Christ and the Apostles are introduced immediately behind Judas, while he receives the "price of blood." Nos. 199 and 204, by Messrs. MORRIS and SAYERS respectively; Mr. BOWNESS's *Samuel* (No. 255); Mr. MONTAGNE's (Nos. 340 and 394) *Sin and Death*, by Mr. RIGAUD, who, as shown by his porraying the latter with a strong resemblance to Pecksniff, evidently considers hypocrisy the most deadly of sins; and Mr. SALTER's two mythologic subjects (Nos. 413 and 465.) Mr. EDDIS and Mr. ZEITZER we leave to their admirers.

(To be continued.)

## TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT, the Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, will commence his course of lectures for the present year on Monday next, and continue them on the next five consecutive Mondays. Mr. LESLIE will deliver his Lectures on Painting to-day, and on the five Thursdays next following.—M. HORACE VERNET is about to set out for Rome, for the purpose of making sketches for a picture of the Siege of that city.—The Colossal Statue of Buonaparte by the Italian sculptor, Bartolini, whose death is announced in the present number, is nearly completed, and is to be conveyed to Bastia, Corsica, in *statu quo*. The artist has been employed upon it about thirty-six years,—studied his subject during several months at Elba, and is stated to have produced a striking likeness.—M. the Czar is negotiating with His Majesty of Holland for the purchase of the limited but choice collection of pictures in the Gothic Hall at the Royal Palace in the Hague.—It has been decided to establish in Ipswich, under the title of the "Suffolk Fine Arts Association," a society whose objects shall embrace an annual exhibition of works of painting, architecture, sculpture and engraving,—the formation of a permanent gallery of works of art, by purchase or by gift, and the occasional delivery of lectures. The funds are proposed to be raised by donations and by moderate subscriptions.—The *Journal des Debats* says: "The Mosaic of Autun has been transported to Paris. This mosaic, one of the largest in existence, is in the form of an oblong square. In the centre is a medallion two metres and a half in diameter—the field of which is occupied by Bellerophon bestriding Pegasus and overthrowing the Chimæra. This group is admirable in composition as in execution. The principal figure—that of Bellerophon—has the character of calm and simple grandeur found in the finest specimens of the antique. Pegasus and the Chimæra are both remarkably fine. The ornaments—in particular the laurel leaf which plays so gracefully around the medallion—are in exquisite taste."

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The performances at the French Theatre during the past month have been of the most attractive character, combining good taste with novelty, and by frequent variety displaying the resources of the company, and the capabilities of the performers. Two new operas have been represented, and we have only to compliment all parties connected with the Theatre, upon the complete success they have met with. The house has been so fully attended, that it is difficult to say where accommodation will be found when the London season is at its height. *Zampa, ou La Fiancée de Marbre* has been performed three or four times. In its present form, this *chef d'œuvre* of HEROLD is a novelty, although much of the music has been played at concert, and a version of the opera has been produced upon the English stage. The music is light and graceful, and the principal airs so striking, that the ear is immediately caught and pleased with them. Mr. AMBROISE THOMAS's Opera *Le Laid* was the second novelty, and met with well-deserved success. The music is very cleverly written, and full of charming airs. It belongs essentially to the school of the *opéra comique*, and deserves to rank with some of the best productions of the French composers. The *libretto*, by M. SAUVAGE, is extremely amusing and well written. The scene of the drama is laid in a village in Algeria, where *Virginie* and *Biolteau* (Mlle. CHARTON and M. LAC), an affianced couple, have settled, hoping to make their way better than at Paris. The *Laid*, or magistrate of the village, is a great coward, being in continual fear of incursions from the *Kalbes* and other robbers of the district. *Biolteau*, who has turned hairdresser, determines on making his fortune, by practising upon the poltroonery of the *Laid*, and proposes to him, in consideration of a sum of money, to make some disclosures which will allay his fears for ever. The *Laid* agrees to the proposal; but when the time to pay comes, he offers to give his daughter in marriage in lieu of the money; this the faithless *Biolteau* agrees to. The *Laid's* daughter, *Fathma* (Mlle. DAUHAUSSE), however, is in love with *Michel*, a fierce *militaire* (M. NATHAN), who soon discovers the state of affairs, and



informs *Virginie* of her lover's faithlessness, and then combines with her in abusing the *coiffeur*. The drama abounds with amusing incidents and ludicrous scenes. It eventually concludes with the marriage of the two ladies to their proper swains. The music and story of the *Domino Noir* is so well known, that it requires no further notice. Mlle. CHARTON has gained additional laurels, and has completely succeeded in fascinating the *habitués* of the theatre. The character she fills in *Zampa* does not bring her forward very prominently, but in the *Laid* and in the *Domino Noir* her powers, both as a singer and as an actress, were fully elicited, and she was eminently successful in both performances. M. CHOLLET appeared in *Zampa* in one of his original and most celebrated characters; his acting as a reckless corsair was marked by the careful discrimination and easy style which is manifest in all the performances of this accomplished actor.

DRURY LANE.—If we have hitherto spoken disparagingly of the scenery and dresses at this house, we are now ready to admit, with pleasure, that Mr. ANDERSON has fully redeemed himself, by the manner in which *Fiesco*, or *the Conspiracy of Genoa* has been produced. Of the degree of attraction which such a play may possess, we have our doubts; and creditable to the management as its *mise en scene* undoubtedly is, we fear that it will put no money in the treasury. A late writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has said—"The tragic drama is destined, like the bullfights of Spain, or the gladiatorial combats of old Rome, to fall before the advancing spirit of civilization." We are by no means of this opinion, but certainly the materials of which *Fiesco* is composed, and the skill with which they are put together, are incompetent to supply that style of tragic figment which is required by modern tastes. Avowedly SCHILLER's worst play, it has been adapted for stage representation by Mr. PLANCHE, whose modifications and necessary abridgements, howsoever judicious, fail to invest it with domestic interest. From the first scene to the last, opposing treacheries continue to agitate the *dramatis personæ*, in not one of whom does the spectator take a rivetting interest. The consequence was, that in spite of some fine and spirited writing, and a few effective situations, the play moved heavily; the audience were patient but cold, and at the fall of the curtain on Monday night, there were few plaudits and no calls for the performers. Mr. ANDERSON's personification of *Fiesco*, spite of a severe cold, was manly and vigorous; but the *Verrina* of Mr. VANDENHOFF proved the "better hero" of the play. The part of a cunning and revengeful Moor was cleverly performed by Mr. EMEY. Miss LAURA ADDISON's *Leonora* was little to our taste,—spasmodic mouthing marred effects which it was meant to heighten. We are glad to hear that repetition has improved the performance, but *Fiesco* will not permanently attract.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Monday evening a new "romantic play," in five acts, entitled *Retriouition*, was represented here for the first time. Its success was deserved and unequivocal. The story may be concisely detailed:—In the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads, the villain of the plot, *Sir Baldwin Briarly* (Mr. G. BENNETT), a Roundhead, in order to possess himself of the estates and wealth of a certain *De Lacy*, excites that Cavalier to believe in the criminal affection of his wife. *De Lacy*, in a fit of frenzy, shoots the lady and her supposed paramour, whom, instigated by *Baldwin*, he has watched, and in the victim beholds his brother-in-law. A double murderer, *De Lacy* seeks a foreign land; his subtle foe meanwhile flourishes in all but family prospects; his sole heir being a sickly and gentle-minded youth of seventeen—*Edwin* (Mr. G. DICKINSON), who loves with a fervour beyond his years, the daughter of *Sir Robert Raby* (Mr. A. YOUNG.) This lady, *Alice* (Miss GLYNN), is attached to him as a sister only,—her whole affections being rivetted on *Philip* (Mr. MARSTON), a foundling, reared by her father and loved by him as a son. *Baldwin*, whose passionate fondness for his dying boy is the sole redeeming feature in his character, schemes a union between *Edwin* and *Alice*; and by insinuating to her that *Philip* is her half-brother, excites her mind to a state bordering on despair. *Edwin* pleads his love, whilst she rejects, but pitying his agony, she soothes and consoles him; whilst he, unselfish and noble, vows to devote his life to her service. At this juncture appears

on the scene a certain *Blackbourne* (Mr. PHELPS), between whom and *Baldwin*, cloaked under the assumption of friendship, exists the fiercest hatred. Revenge for wrongs done him by *Baldwin* is the mover of all his actions, until at last their mutual hate becoming revealed, he is by that person confined in a dungeon. Certain important documents, however, whose publication would prove *Baldwin* not only a traitor but the instigator of murder, remains in the captive's power, and his menaces prevail on *Baldwin* to release him. *Sir Robert Raby* and his daughter are now imprisoned by *Baldwin*, charged with treachery to the king; but his threats to bring the knight to the scaffold, unless he consents to the union of *Alice* with his son, are vain; and at the moment when the chapel is prepared for the enforced nuptials, *Edwin* expires; while *Blackbourne* arrives—"backed with authority"—to convict *Baldwin* of his guilt, and to restore *Alice* to the arms of her father and her lover. Nor is this all—he proclaims himself the long exiled *De Lacy*, and in *Philip* recognizes his son; whilst *Baldwin*, defeated in his evil designs, falls lifeless. It will be seen from this plot that the play is melodramatic in construction, but it has the rare merit of never verging into bombast or unnatural sentiment. The interest increases with the advance of the piece, and at no single moment appeared to flag. Of the acting, nothing that is not praise can be said. The part of *Blackbourne* is one somewhat out of Mr. PHELPS's general line, and was so nobly represented throughout, that at the end of the third act he was summoned before the curtain. Mr. GEORGE BENNETT played up to him, the potent villain he can so well assume. *Alice* provided Miss GLYN with a new framework wherewithal to fit in those artistic and powerful sketches of character which no lady on the London stage of to-day is so capable of portraying. A very difficult and somewhat disagreeable rôle, that of the lovesick and dying *Edwin*, was filled by Mr. DICKINSON with a delicacy, a tender fervour, and a truth, that aroused in the audience more than one recognition of its ability. The comic quota of the play falls to the share of the hearty, unsuspecting, good old knight, *Sir Robert*, and could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. YOUNG. Finally, the audience were seized with a *furore* of delight, when their call for the author was responded to by Mr. GEORGE BENNETT, who was led on to receive their deserved plaudits by Mr. PHELPS. The play will have a run.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. GUSTAVUS BROOKE's appearance at this house, on Monday, attracted such a welcome crowd as has rarely of late been seen there. He resumed his favourite part of *Othello*, which, being his *chef d'œuvre*, he is likely to make attractive. An unfortunate hoarseness has not improved his voice. Mrs. MOWATT's *Desdemona* is exceedingly pathetic, and is one of the Shaksperian characters in which she appears to most advantage.

THE STRAND.—The revival of FIELDING's adaptation of MOLIERE's *Avare*, on Monday evening, is chiefly noticeable for its proving an introduction to the visitors of this merry little theatre of Mr. FARREN and Mrs. GLOVER, in the characters of *Lovegold* and *Lappet*. Notwithstanding the merits of those excellent actors, the piece has ceased to become attractive to modern tastes. It was, however, followed up by a new and smart affair, entitled, *A Scene in the Life of an Unprotected Female*, by Mr. STERLING COYNE, which is full of vigorous fun. Mrs. STERLING filled the one great part of heroine in a manner that stamps her as the most versatile actress of the day. We advise everybody, who is willing to be amused, to witness this piece, which, with the wit and originality of *Diogenes* (decidedly the best burlesque of any season), ought nightly to fill the theatre.

THE PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Mr. BURNFORD has just opened to public view a Panorama which will probably prove the most attractive of any exhibited since the *Battle of Sobraon*. The subject is *The Polar Regions*, to which attention is just now painfully directed, from the uncertainty that hangs over the fate of the brave adventurers, and the expeditions that have been sent and are still projected, with the noble purpose of saving them, if they be yet living, from the terrible fate which cannot be properly understood until this Panorama has been viewed. There are two scenes, one of summer and one of winter. The former has a

peculiar charm, from the strange mingling of the objects of winter, the icebergs and snows, with the hues of summer, the crimson sky and the bare brown islands. The winter scene is tremendous. The ships are fast imbedded in the ice, and snow is everywhere; the moon and the stars light up the wide waste and show the men busily engaged in various occupations, and an aurora faintly plays upon the horizon and shows the distant land. Everybody should see this most attractive panorama; indeed, the very subject of it will attract the visitors from the country as much as the dwellers in town.

THE COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.—In addition to the usual attractions of this colossal building, others have now been added. There are new views of the Polar Regions, Ruins of Netley Abbey, and view of the Ischin Shan, or Golden Island, in the Grand River of China, painted by Messrs. DAXSON and SON. Also the Model of a Silver Mine at Work, showing its intricacies and the manner of digging and raising the ore. Among the commendable acquisitions, too, are the musical entertainments.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—The Concert for the benefit of Mrs. SEWELL and Miss HORN, sisters of the late C. E. HORN, came off on Tuesday evening last, and was attended by a very numerous auditory. The Orchestra, which was led by Mr. H. BLAGROVE, and conducted by Mr. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT, and accompanied on the Organ by Mr. T. JOLLEY, consisted of the *élite* of the profession, including Messrs. ANTOINE, BAUMAN, R. and W. BLAGROVE, BUXTON, CALKIN, and CALKIN, jun., CIOFE, DAY, GATES, GOODWIN, HARPER, HOLLAND, and HOLLAND, jun., HORTON, JARRETT, KENNEDY, E. LEFFLER, MARTIN, MORI, RIBAS, ROWLAND, ROWLANDSON, SCHMIDT, THOMPSON, TRUST, WATKINS, E. J. WESTROP, aided by some amateurs, who, with the following vocalists, Misses BIRCH, E. BIRCH, BASSANO, KENNETH, PYNE, RANSFORD, THORNTON, WELLS, WILLIAMS, Mrs. GARDINER, Messrs. BENSON, LAND, LAWLEE, LEFFLER, MACHIN, PURDAY, RANSFORD, WALKER, and the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, who, in their kind feeling for the *beneficiari*, as well as out of respect for the memory and talents of the composer, gave their gratuitous services for the occasion. The concert opened with a selection from the Oratorio of *Daniel's Prediction*, composed just before the composer left this country for America; and the Second Part, his most popular songs, duets, &c., such as *Child of Earth*, *I know a Bank*, *The deep, deep Sea*, &c., and concluding with the Christmas carol, from his cantata of the Christmas Bells, solos, and chorus: the whole programme made up of his own compositions. Of the Second Part we need only say, that everything went off—as, how could it be otherwise?—with much applause, some of the greatest favourites being encored. It is, however, with the oratorio that we have most to do as a work which is to aid in perpetuating the fame of the composer. And why the admirers of this charming melodist should expect more for him in this respect than was accorded to HANDEL, HAYDN, and other great writers, we know not, or why his name should not go down to posterity associated in some degree with theirs. If *The Messiah* and *Creation* of these great masters were not appreciated till many years after their decease, it is not unreasonable to suppose, from the very marked attention—we may say delight—with which the epitome of *Daniel's Prediction* was listened to on Tuesday evening, that, like the beautiful chorus from it, *Hail! mighty King*, which was given with such thrilling effect, this work will "live for ever." Some of our contemporaries, in noticing the performance, while they qualify their approbation, are constrained to pay the highest encomiums upon the instrumentation, as well as the general effect of the chorusses and many of the solos and duets, such as *For the Home of our Fathers*, sung by Miss WELLS; and the charming duet, so charmingly sung by the Misses WILLIAMS, *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!* What is this, but saying what both the critics and the audience felt, unless they mean to aver that nothing can be good that is not made up of extraneous harmonies such as none but a contrapuntist can comprehend. Give us, we say, melody, sweet melody, associated with sentiment which comes home to our hearts, and accompanies us from the concert to the drawing-room, and we leave all the chromatic and

crude discords and the resolution of them to those who enjoy the mysteries of the science rather than the delights which charm the ear and inform the understanding. We hope that Prince ALBERT who patronized the concert, and to whom no doubt a copy of the Oratorio will be, if it has not already been sent, will command a performance of it at Exeter Hall, with all the appliances which can be given to it, if only to honour the memory of one of the sweetest and heart-stirring composers that England has ever produced.

## NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

## LORD JEFFREY.

THE death of one who, after a life of mental activity, had reached his seventy-seventh year, is not an event in the ordinary course of things remarkable. But when a public person, even at that somewhat advanced age, suddenly departs from among us, the natural feeling of regret is not unminged with surprise, and the instinctive feeling that a void has been created in old associations. This is especially the case with Lord Jeffrey. Not so many years have elapsed since he was known as the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; and some passages in his life arising out of his connexion with that publication have become so linked with our ideas of two of the most distinguished poets the age has produced, that his death cannot be passed over without notice, and a record of the few features of his career.

The late Francis Jeffrey, by courtesy Lord Jeffrey, as a Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland was born on the 23rd of October, 1773. At the High School of Edinburgh, his native city, he received his first education, and in 1787 he became a student of the University of Glasgow. The published Memoirs of Lord Brougham, and the anecdotal recollections of literary contemporaries, have made the public familiar with the existence in Edinburgh of one, amongst others, of those debating societies so common in this country, where young men of an ardent intellectual temper are wont to exercise their young and vigorous faculties in discussing great questions, to which they more often bring energy and mental enterprise than knowledge, but which at least elicit a spirit of inquiry and a desire to master facts, principles, and logic. The "Speculative Society" of Edinburgh shares, with similar societies at Oxford and Cambridge, the honour of having included amongst its earliest members some who have subsequently attained great political and literary distinction. Among the most distinguished of these were Lord Brougham and the late Lord Jeffrey. Young Jeffrey continued at the Glasgow University four years, when he went to Oxford, and was entered of Queen's College there. This was in 1791. The legal profession was his allotted path in life; and having duly qualified, he was called to the Scottish bar in the year 1794. Success in that profession is proverbially of slow attainment, and Mr Jeffrey had acquired a contemporary reputation in society as a wit and a literary man long before he had attained eminence as an advocate. When, at last, his opportunities for display arrived, he established his reputation as an advocate of the first rank. He is described by an intelligent biographer as excelling "in acuteness, promptness, and clearness in the art of stating, illustrating, and arranging—in extent of legal knowledge—in sparkling wit, keen satire, and strong and flowing eloquence." The same writer, quoting a contemporary critic, the author of *Sketches of the Scottish Bar*, says, "Ever quick, but never boisterous nor pushing, Jeffrey wound his way, like an eel, from one bar to the other. If what he had to do was merely a matter of form, it was despatched in as few words as possible; generally wound up, when circumstances permitted, with some biting jest. If a cause was to be formally argued, his bundle of papers was unloosed, his glass applied to his eye, and his discourse began, without a moment's pause. He plunged at once into the *mare magnum* of the question, confident that his train of argument would arrange itself in lucid order, almost without any exertion on his part. He possessed a most retentive memory and could proceed from one subject to another at a moment's warning." The same writer quotes the following anecdote of Lord Jeffrey, in his professional character:—"As Mr. Jeffrey sat down one day, at the close of a long and argumentative speech, an attorney's clerk pulled him

by the gown, and whispered in his ear, that a case in which he was retained had just been called on in the inner house. "Good God," said Jeffrey, "I have heard nothing of the matter for weeks; and that trial has driven it entirely out of my head; what is it?" The lad, in no small trepidation, began to recount some of the leading facts, but no sooner had he mentioned the first, than Jeffrey exclaimed, "I know it," and ran over, with the most inconceivable rapidity, all the details, and every leading case that bore upon them; and the speech he delivered on the occasion was the most powerful that ever fell from him." "His oratory," the same writer goes on to say, "is not commanding; and it is like the frog striving itself to the size of the ox when he attempts to be impressive; but once, indeed, says the writer before quoted, we remember an apostrophe, startling, nay commanding, from its native dignity, and moral courage. A baronet having brought an action, in which, to gain his point, he had shown a disregard of all moral or honourable restraint, Mr. Jeffrey made the following observations on his conduct:—"My lords, there is no person who entertains a higher respect for the English aristocracy than I do, or who would be more loth to say anything which could hurt the feelings or injure the reputation of any one member of that illustrious body; but after all that we have this day heard, I feel myself warranted in saying [here he turned round, faced the plaintiff, who was immediately behind him, and fixing on him a cold firm look, proceeded in a low and determined voice] that Sir—has clearly shown himself to be a notorious liar and a common swindler."

In 1802 was started the *Edinburgh Review*, a publication which, if not actually suggested by Lord Brougham and the late Lord Jeffrey, was at least established mainly through their instrumentality, and sustained by their contributions. Edited during the first year by the Rev. Sydney Smith, the control of the *Review* was from the year 1803 to 1828 entrusted to the late Lord Jeffrey, and some of the most brilliant volumes of the publication came out under his auspices, and were enriched by his pen. The recent republication of the articles contributed by him, and the ample notices they have received from the most important political and literary journals, renders unnecessary any criticism here. It was during the period of this editorship that Jeffrey's name became known to the public, by his bloodless duel with Thomas Moore, the poet, and the caustic satire inflicted on him by Lord Byron in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. It was a kind of negative honour to the late Lord Jeffrey that a review of *The Hours of Idleness*, attributed to his pen, should have stung Byron to the composition of that satire, and ultimately have stimulated the development of his powers as a poet.

It was in his literary character that the late Lord Jeffrey was of importance. Until the republication of his essays by Messrs. Longman, that reputation, except with those who guessed at, or were in the secret of, the authorship of the articles in the *Edinburgh*, rested mainly on report, and in private life. The fact of his editorship of so important and influential a publication, was in itself an evidence of no ordinary powers. The public have since been enabled to judge for themselves, and their decision has fully confirmed a character for critical acumen, which, till then, had rested so much on hearsay evidence.

In 1821, Mr. Jeffrey had been chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and, in 1828, he became Dean of the Faculty of Advocates of Scotland, on which occasion we believe, he resigned his editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1830, on the accession of the Whigs to power, and of Lord Brougham to the Chancery, Mr. Jeffrey became Lord Advocate of Scotland, and took his place in the Imperial Parliament. His reputation in Scotland led to great curiosity as to his merits as a parliamentary speaker; but, although he could not actually fail as an orator, the general impression he produced was not equal to the anticipations that had been formed of him.

The writer whom we have already quoted, says—In person the subject of our memoir was of low stature; but his figure, which he tried to set off to the best advantage, was elegant and well-proportioned. His features were continually varying in expression, and were said to have baffled our best artists. The face was rather elongated, the chin deficient, the mouth well

formed, with a mingled expression of determination, sentiment, and arched mockery. The eye was the most peculiar feature of the countenance: it was large and sparkling, but with a want of transparency.

The late Lord Jeffrey was the eldest son of George Jeffrey, Esq., one of the clerks of the Court of Session, in Scotland, by the daughter of Mr. Loudon, of Lanarkshire. In 1802, he married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. Andrew's who died, leaving him no issue. In 1813, he married a daughter of Charles Wilkes, Esq., of New York, grand-niece of John Wilkes. In 1834, he was appointed one of the Lords of Session, which post he filled up to the time of his decease.—*Times*.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

OUR recent remarks as to the Book-world, still hold effective. Very many books are daily published, but only a few new ones. The reprints, however, are well selected. Some of the ventures we certainly cannot reconcile with ordinary ideas of business sagacity. We should think, for instance, that Mr. Charles Gilpin's cheap issue of Sir Thomas Moore's *Utopia*, as a volume of his *Phoenix Library*, would not "pay."—The idea of *Chamber's Miscellany*, is about to be resumed by a series to be entitled, *Popular Papers for all Readers*—the only difference being, that the size will be foolscap, and the issue fortnightly instead of weekly, and, every four months, a neat shilling volume, done up in fancy boards.—It appears from Mr. Thomas Hodgson's *Annual Catalogue* for 1849, just published, that there has been no falling off in the number of publications; but the range of prices, from 1s. to 2s., 3s., and 4s., shows a great tendency to resort to low prices.

Arthur Görgey seems to have returned to his old chemical studies. The transactions of the Philosophical Society of the Carinthian capital for the 24th of January, contain a paper by the capitulator of Vilagosh on the various substances for lighting, and their application.

At the death of the poet Ehlerschlager (noticed elsewhere), the Scandinavians entered into a most devout public mourning. The three theatres of Copenhagen were ordered to be closed for a week, and all other public amusements were suspended for the same space of time. The poet was accompanied to his tomb, in the church of Fredericksburg, by the largest attendance that has been seen in Copenhagen since the funeral of Thorwaldsen. Upwards of twenty thousand persons—a sixth of the entire population of the capital—representing every class of the community, from the Crown Prince downwards—the Ministers of State, with their President at their head, the diplomatic body, the Council of State, the clergy, the professors and pupils of the University and of other schools, and those of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts—all waited on the dead poet to his grave. The streets through which the procession passed were strewn with sand and green boughs,—and the houses hung out black flags, hemmed with silver. The deceased poet was born in 1778, at the royal residence of Fredericksburg, near Copenhagen, of which his father was Intendant-General. He filled the chair of *Æsthetics* at the University of Copenhagen. It was the least of his personal distinctions,—but an honour to the country which conferred it,—that he was a knight of various orders of Scandinavian chivalry.—The *Presse* devotes more than two columns to the details connected with the project of a sub-marine electric telegraph between France and England, for which Mr. Brett has obtained a privilege of 10 years from the French Government. It appears from this account that the contract binds Mr. Brett to have his telegraph completed by the 1st of September next, but the French Government reserves to itself the right of stopping the works before the 1st of September, in the event of circumstances occurring to render this measure indispensable. A joint-stock company, the seat of which is to be Paris, has been formed with a capital of 750,000f., but Mr. Brett undertakes to complete the telegraph across the Channel for 459,000f. The two points fixed upon are Cape Grisnez, near Calais, and the Shakspeare Cliff near Dover. The distance between these points is only 18 miles English, but the line of telegraph, consisting of seven wires properly covered, is to be 23 miles, to allow of oscillation.



## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

## THE TRANSIT FROM LIFE TO DEATH.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Life is, at best, so void of rest,  
So full of pain,  
That much I marvel at my own base dread,  
—Dread of Death's dissolving blow,  
That maketh torture shed  
Its drop of final woe  
Upon the brain!  
I suffer much from pain's sharp touch,  
Yet still I linger  
Upon the shores of life, whose thorns I feel,  
Shrinking still from that last throes  
Which doth a grave reveal,  
Where no pang of life can go,  
'Neath Death's finger!  
I pray, in vain—I pray to gain  
Unmurmuring faith;  
But no new heart within me beats and burns:  
Sins spring up from hour to hour,  
And lo! my spirit turns  
To dread, as to the sun on flower,  
—To dread of Death!  
Yet 'tis not death—it is not death;  
It is the pain  
Of dying that I fear! for I would have  
Death steal on me like a sleep;  
And, waking from the grave,  
Life, in realms where angels keep  
Eternal reign.  
Come, healing Death! Go, pained Breath,  
But, going,  
Make not thy exit with a cruel force!  
—Gently breathing words of prayer  
Excluding dark remorse,  
The enfranchised spirit bear  
To joys o'erflowing.

## GIBRALTAR.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

Heaved up from out the fountains of the deep,  
Boiling beneath th' Atlantic; King of rocks  
Whose serried ridges rank like vassal peers,  
Catching, far off, thy frown, and passing it  
To the deeprooted foot of Montserrat;  
Thou wedgest thy flat base, as if thou'dst paved  
The centre, absolute, to build thee on.  
Last battlement that stands from that dread storm  
Which forced a continent as fortress, in  
That last so fiery struggle, thou struck'st deep  
Thy foot, and yet showed conflict. Thou wert stand'st,  
A loose stone of that earth-engirdling wall,  
Imbedded in green steppes; while the blue sea  
Spreads its wide bosom to the sun, and lavas  
Thine honour'd masses, piled by the first gods.  
Unnumber'd centuries gloom on thy brow.  
Unconquerable Time has broke his scythe,  
Shivered upon thy heart; and thou yet rear'st  
Thine awful foot, to consort with the clouds.  
Grand sentry, that look'st out o'er the wide deep,  
Holding pale converse with the watching stars  
That hang o'er Africa; thou monster rock,  
The first-born of a world's confusion,  
Rear still thy battled glories! Let thy front  
Be lanced in fissures, and bestud with guns,  
To fling defiance; and stream, still, that flag  
Over thy terrors, so no hostile eye  
Shall gaze its crosses and support the blaze  
Of glory insupportable in which  
It lives, itself a flame. Stand in thy might!  
Shot has hail'd on thee, yet thou shook'st it off  
Like fine rain cast from cloud: stand thou, yet up,  
Thou mighty monument; and let the south,  
Yield thee a bright sun, with his thick'd beams  
To forge, in air, a crown, like burning gold,  
To rim thy scarless temples!

## Marriages and Deaths.

## DEATHS.

**BANTOLINI.**—Lately at Florence, Bantolini the sculptor, aged 77.  
**CALDECOTT.**—At Trevandrum, Mr. John Caldecott, Astronomer to His Highness the Rajah of Travancore. Mr. Caldecott had the charge of planning, erecting, furnishing, and afterwards working the astronomical and meteorological observatory founded by that enlightened Indian Prince.  
**DE PRUS.**—In Paris, Du Prus. He took a leading part in the discussion on the Oriental plague which arose some years since in the Academy of Medicine,—and who is said to have died now of a disease which he had contracted during his mission into the East.  
**LIVERMORE.**—On the 22nd January, at Tadworth, Surrey, Martin William Livermore, Esq., formerly of the firm of Caslon and Livermore, Chiswell-street, in the 83rd year of his age.  
**MILLER.**—In America, recently, the prophet Miller; whose annual predictions of the immediate end of the world from 1833 to 1843 disturbed the minds of thousands, notwithstanding their yearly falsification.  
**GHENSLÄGER.**—A few weeks since in Copenhagen, Ghensläger, the Danish poet.  
**SCHADOW.**—At Berlin, aged 86, J. G. Schadow, the oldest of the living sculptors of Germany,—Professor at the Academy of the Fine Arts in that capital since the year 1788, and since 1822 its Director-in-chief.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,  
MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,  
Published between Jan. 14 and Feb. 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

## ART.

Lodge's History of Ancient Art among the Greeks. From the German of Winckelmann. 8vo. 12s.  
Monumental Brasses of England. By the Rev. C. Boutell. Large paper; folio. 2l. 5s.; India paper, 4l. 4s.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography. Vol. 6. 12mo., cloth. 6s. 6d.  
Balfour's Women of Scripture. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. 2nd edit.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Tyas's Favourite Field Flowers. 2nd series. Cloth. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. 12 coloured plates.

## EDUCATION.

Universal Pronouncing Dictionary, Part 57. 1s.  
Martin's (R. M.) Illustrated Atlas, Part 21. 1s.  
Scripture History for Youth, Part 9. 1s.  
Arnold (Rev. T. K.) Henry's First Latin Book. 12mo., cloth. 3s. Eighth edition.  
Port-Royal Art of Thinking. Translated from the French by T. S. Baynes. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth.  
Wakefield's (Priscilla) Juvenile Travellers. 19th edition. 12mo. 6s. cloth.  
Latham's (Dr. R. G.) English Grammar for Commercial Schools. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

## FICTION.

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Crichton; an Historical Romance, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.  
The Miser's Daughter, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.; with a Portrait of the Author, by Daniel Maclise, R.A. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.  
The Forest and the Fortress, by the author of "The Ransom." 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
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The History of the Papal States, by John Miley, D.D., author of "Rome under Paganism and the Popes." 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.  
Nova Scotia, its Condition and Resources, in a series of Six Letters, by Joseph Outram, merchant, Glasgow. Fcp. 8vo. 8d.  
Sedgwick's (Rev. J.) History of Europe during the last Four Centuries. Fcp. 6s. 6d., cloth.  
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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